THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

July, 1804.

MRS. ESTEN.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

IN conducting a work professedly calculated to inculcate virtuous principles into the minds of his fair countrywomen, and to hold up as examples for their imitation, such of their own sex as (if not patterns of perfection) have swerved as little from the line of rectitude as the natural frailties of human nature will admit, though it must ever prove an agreeable task to the Editor of the Lady's Museum, yet, he is fully aware, will ultimately be found a very arduous undertaking. A Biographer is, in general, considered either a partial admirer, a detracter, or an interested individual; hence the productions of his pen generally meet with the most severe criticism, both public and private. In procuring proper materials for his purpose, he must at all times encounter the greatest difficulties. Public report of any individual, is too vague and uncertain for him to place any reliance on; and their friends, to whom he is compelled to apply for *impartial* information respecting their various qualifications, are but too

ready to represent them as possessing the most amiable, both of body and mind, and as carefully to conceal their defects and foibles. If they are actuated by a different principle, they not unfrequently run into the opposite extreme; and modest Diffidence, the never-ceasing attendant on real merit, prevents their displaying to the world, virtues that are not only bright ornaments to the possessor, but which thousands, while they admired, would be happy to imitate. Thus circumstanced, our fair Readers will very readily conceive the great difficulty there is, in the first place, to procure portraits of persons of real celebrity; and, in the second, when they are procured, an impartial biography of the persons they represent. But, whatever obstacles may lie in the way, conceiving it to be our duty, as well as our interest, to surmount them, we shall not be the less indefatigable in procuring such as, if they do not always stand in the first line of exalted characters, shall amuse, instruct, and entertain.

Mrs. Esten, whose portrait we have introduced to embellish the present Number of the Lady's Museum, is a daughter of the late Admiral Sir Thomas Pye. Having a brother in the navy, through his introduction, she, of course, became acquainted with several gentlemen of the same profession; and, at the age of fifteen, her person, and accomplishments, captivated the heart of Mr. Esten, who married her before she was sixteen. They lived some time in a domestic and happy state; and two children, we believe, were the fruits of their mutual fondness. But whether this gentleman had not calculated the necessary expences to support a young bride, with an approaching family, or his fortune was not so affluent as he represented it to her friends previous to the performance of the marriage ceremony, it appears some unexpected embarrassments took place within two years after their alliance. Mr. E. however,

ever, being desirous of procuring the means of supporting an extensive establishment, if we are rightly informed, adventured in some undertakings which proved unsuccessful; his finances were nearly ruined; and his wife, in consequence, in a great measure left unprovided for. He was, during the late war, appointed one of the Commissaries to the island of St. Domingo; but we know not whether he bettered his private affairs from the appointment, having heard very little of him since that period.

Mrs. Esten's mother is a lady celebrated in the literary world, for the production of several esteemed novels; and, from her disposition towards literature and fiction, and with an eye to her daughter's various accomplishments, both natural and acquired, appears to have taken under her consideration, what were the necessary qualifications for the Drama; and very rationally concluded, that an elegant person, a beautiful face, a powerful melodious voice, a tolerable ear, and a proper share of confidence, were gifts of such importance on the Stage, that their possessor must be *mentally* below mediocrity, if they did not arrive at considerable eminence. Thus, from her mother, we have every reason to suppose, Mrs. E. imbibed a first attachment to the Drama, which her circumstances soon suggested to her the probability of turning to pecuniary advantage; and she determined on a pursuit which not only promised riches and reputation, but also the greatest admiration of her beauty. She made her *entrée* upon the stage at Bath, in *Belvidera*, in *Venice Preserved;* and dressed the character in such a picturesque and elegant manner, as, aided by her personal charms, made a very favourable impression on the Bath audience. She continued to perform in that city, and Bristol, for a season or two, when her abilities were thought sufficiently eminent to procure her an engagement in Dublin. Here she greatly improved her talents; and was engaged for Edinburgh,

where she was received as a performer scarcely inferior to Mrs. Siddons, or Mrs. Jordan. Her celebrity at Edinburgh reached London; and she made her first appearance at Covent-Garden Theatre in October, 1790, in the character of *Rosalind*, in *As you like it*. Her success was so extremely flattering, that it justified her most sanguine expectations: but, notwithstanding a prodigality of applause, her attraction continued no great length of time. Indeed, the *beauty* of the Actress, more than her *merit* as a performer, appears to have engaged the attention of a partial audience. She afterwards attempted the favourite and various characters in which Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, and Miss Farren, were mostly admired; and though she must be said to have fallen short of all those great actresses, yet her performances were much above mediocrity: and, indeed, it is but just to acknowledge, that she improved very much throughout her first campaign on the London boards. Mrs. E. however, performed during the whole season without receiving any salary; but had the indulgence of appearing in whatever characters she chose; and, towards the conclusion, in addition to a tolerable share of public esteem, received a *free benefit*. She had a permanent engagement after this at the same Theatre; and also continued to be a very great favourite at Edinburgh, where she had a host of admirers; but Fortune proving propitious to her in another way, she did not continue to tread the stage for any length of time. Her voice, like that of Mrs. Siddons, is well calculated for Tragedy; but is not sufficiently feminine for the gay scenes of the Comic Muse. Her action and deportment are graceful and easy; and her articulation, and comprehension of the sense of an author, deserves great commendation. Her most distinguished characters were *Belvidera*, *Juliet*, and *Monimia*, in Tragedy; and *Rosalind*, *Beatrice*, *Roxalana*, and *Lady Townly*, in Comedy.

BIOGRAPHICAL

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF MRS. BENNETT,

Of whom an elegant Portrait was given in our last Number.

MRS. Bennett is descended from a respectable Welch family, of the name of Evans, who gave her a liberal and polite education. She married a countryman of her own, of good family, and became a widowed mother at an early period of life. From what we can learn of this lady, few women have experienced more of the common vicissitudes of fortune, or endured so many painful events with equal fortitude. Her prudence and perseverance, however, appear to have surmounted all her difficulties; and she now appears to be the happy parent of an affectionate and prosperous race; living in the bosom of her family, and amusing the leisure of her later years by writing Novels, which are estimated among the first productions of their kind. The Welch Heiress, Juvenile Indiscretions, Agnes De Courcy, Ellen Countess of Castle Howel, and the Beggar Girl, all translated into the French, German, and Italian, are from her pen; and, perhaps, principally owe their popularity to the experience and strict observation of the Author, who professes to paint from the real incidents of human life, and to copy from living characters.

ON THE UNDERSTANDING.

THERE are, methinks, two sorts of understandings: one naturally, and almost mechanically, comprehends two objects at once, the effect and the cause, and is dissatisfied with the first, whatever it be, till it sees the second. The other sees only the first, and seeks not, wants not, to see the second. The last of these understandings may see truth oftener than the first; but the first will certainly seldomer mistake falsehood for truth.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXXI.

[Concluded from page 367 of Vol. XII.]

WITH that sense of honor and propriety, which ever distinguished his conduct, my father applied to the family of Captain T. stating every circumstance, without reserve or disguise. Aristocratic pride would not even deign to notice the application: but I could plainly perceive that my beloved Edward had received unpleasant news; and though he assumed his wonted gaiety in my presence, I could not help noticing, with exquisite anguish, that he sometimes stifled a sigh, as he was breathing the effusions of genuine regard.

To make short, in a fatal moment, I consented to elope with my lover, with the knowledge, rather than the approbation, of my mother; and we were married in Scotland, and afterwards received the nuptial benediction in England. My Edward had urged me to take this rash step, in the hopes, as he expressed it, that it would contribute to our mutual happiness, by the sooner reconciling all parties to what was irrevocable. Alas! he soon found himself mistaken. I was received, indeed, by my own parents, with affection, and every thing in their power was done to make both our situations agreeable; but the relations of my Edward, finding that we were married, and considering me as the disgrace of their family, and the ruin of their hopes, meditated a deep, and too successful, revenge, which they were not long in putting into execution. After satisfying themselves that the marriage was solemnized in due form, and could not be declared invalid, they next concerted measures for separating, by artifice, those who had sworn eternal fidelity and love to each other. By dint of interest, they procured my dear husband to be removed to a distant part of the kingdom, in three

three short months after we were united; and as he was to be quartered at a principal sea-port, he judged it advisable to proceed before me, in order to secure lodgings, and other accommodations; and left me, with expressions of the tenderest love, in the hope that I should rejoin him in the space of a fortnight; and I anticipated I knew not what.

When he bade me adieu, I own my heart sunk within me; my father's observations on the distresses incident to the military profession, rushed on my mind, and I was ready to faint. I watched my dearest Edward, with my eyes, as far as I could see him; and, notwithstanding the manly firmness of his character, he often looked back, and seemed to participate in my painful emotions. The human mind is sometimes prophetic of events; and the gloom of doubt is only the prelude to the anguish of despair.

In a few days, I had the pleasure of hearing from my husband, that he had arrived safe, and hoped very soon to be able to inform me that he had provided for my reception at his new quarters. His letter was filled with all those expressions of regard, which are so dear to those who love as I did, but which are seldom entertaining to a third person to read; and, from every part of his behaviour, I have the strongest reasons to be satisfied, that the flame which burned in my bosom, was equally pure and ardent in his. He had, indeed, concealed from me, for fear of distressing me, the reproaches, and the threats, of his family, which I only learned from their bitter consequences; but in every other respect, he was the honorable lover, and the affectionate husband; and I am sure would have been happy, for my sake, to have renounced his rank in life, and even his profession, had not a sense of duty restrained him. To have borne honest poverty, would have been nothing to a mind like his; but the imputation of cowardice, the dereliction of his country's service, at a time when it required the united ardour of all its sons,

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were superior to all private feelings, and stamped him the hero and the martyr.

In the situation in which I was placed, time must naturally move slow; and fear and anxiety added lead to its wings. Day after day, and hour after hour, I expected to receive a summons from my husband to join him; but no letter ever reached my hands. I became distracted with apprehension; and though my parents, with whom I was residing, used every art to alleviate my distress, the agitation of my mind threw me into a fever. I grew delirious, and lost the remembrance of my Edward, only by losing my reason.

A good constitution enabled me to triumph over disease and death. With returning health, I recovered my senses, and anxiously enquired after my husband. My parents soothed my mind, by the assurance that he was well; and would have seen me long before, had not his duty prevented him from leaving his post. They added, that he was most impatient for my company; and that, as soon as I was able to travel, they would accompany me to P——. Alas! the dread of my relapse made them speak peace and assurance to me, which they knew not themselves. Agonized at my situation, and unable to account for the silence of my Edward, they had written, unknown to me, to a friend whom they had heard him mention, as attached to his person rather than to his fortune; and from him they heard, what they did not dare to communicate to me for a long time; that the relations of my Edward, regardless of his vows, his entreaties, and his life, had carried their menaces into effect, and made interest to have him sent to the East Indies, under the specious mask of putting him in the way of more speedy promotion. They had even beset him with spies, who intercepted his letters to me; and such expedition was used in the embarkation, that, though he begged for leave of absence for a few days only, in order to see me, even this

humble boon was denied, and we were doomed to meet no more.

When I heard the fate of my Edward, I was ready to arraign the decrees of Providence, in suffering me to live, and to recover my reason. But hope did not yet desert me; and as I was likely soon to become a mother, I struggled against my destiny, and endeavoured to prove myself worthy of being the wife of a man who had suffered so much for my sake. Anxiety, however, preyed on my mind, and blanched the former rosy tints of my cheek. A sudden alarm brought on the premature pains of parturition; and again my life was in extreme danger; but again I was reserved for new sufferings. I brought forth a boy, whose life Providence was pleased to spare, and whom I caused to be named Edward, after his beloved father. I suckled him with maternal fondness, and watched over him with the utmost solicitude. I saw, or fancied I saw, in him, a resemblance to his sire; and I breathed the fervent prayer that he might never taste the anguish which it had been our portion to know. May Heaven accept my vows, and grant me that comfort in a son, which it has denied me in a husband!

From the Cape of Good Hope, I received a most affectionate letter from my Edward, in which he explained all the nefarious and disgraceful means that had been used, and too successfully used, to separate us. He conjured me to bear up with resolution; and, from a wish to inspire me with that hope which he probably did not feel himself, he pointed out the advantages which were likely to arise from his new service, and bade me live to expect many happy days with him, which would be so much the sweeter and dearer, as our early connexion had been marked with misery. He concluded with assurances of unalterable fidelity and affection, and requested to hear from me by every conveyance, promising he would set me an example, by his own punctuality in correspondence.

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The lenient hand of time, where suffering does not wholly destroy, will gradually bring about what neither medicine nor reason can effect. I acquired, by slow degrees, some small share of composure; and I lived not destitute of hope, though remote from enjoyment.

The interval, however, in which the delusions of hope were allowed to cheer my melancholy, was of short duration. Packet after packet arrived from the East, without any intelligence of my husband; and I was ready, with the consent of my parents, to engage a passage for myself and child to follow him into that quarter of the globe; when the cup of bliss, of which I had only slightly tasted, was for ever dashed from my lips.

One evening, after I had put my little boy to bed, I was surprised by the appearance of a gentleman in a military dress, who wished to speak with me a moment in private. I knew not why, but I dreaded to hear his communication. He introduced himself to me with the greatest delicacy, and delivered into my hands a sealed packet, with which he told me he had charged himself; and requesting that, if he could be of any farther service to me, I would freely apply to him, he gave me a card of his address, and abruptly took his leave.

I trembled so while I endeavoured to break the seal, that the packet dropt from my hands. My father entering, perceived my emotion, and catching it up, unfolded the tale of woe. My ever-to-be-beloved and lamented husband, justly concluding that our letters were intercepted by the contrivance of his noble relatives, and finding himself arrested by the power of death, had made his will, and confided it to a brother officer, who was about to return to England. He had left me every thing in his power to dispose of; which, as soon as I was able to recover from this last and most dreadful shock, I diligently secured for the benefit of the dear pledge of our mutual love. As for myself, I have nothing either to wish or hope for in this world; and though I shall ever entertain sentiments of respect for the defenders

defenders of my country, if they possess but half the merit of my Edward, I cannot help thinking how much happier I should have been, had it been my fortune to connect myself with a person whose fate would have been inseparably linked with my own, and who, as the Almighty might have seen proper, would either have supported my head in the last agony, or breathed out his soul in my arms. H. T.

ON SOLITUDE AND PHILOSOPHY.

SOLITUDE and Philosophy may inspire sentiments which appear ludicrous to the eye of worldly folly; but they banish all light and insignificant ideas, and prepare the mind for the grandest and most sublime conceptions. Those who are in the habit of studying great and exalted characters, of cultivating refined and elevated sentiments, unavoidably contract a singularity of manners, which may furnish ample materials for ridicule. Romantic characters always view things differently from what they really are, or can be; and the habit of invariably contemplating the sublime and beautiful, renders them, in the eyes of the weak and wicked, insipid and insupportable. Men of this disposition always acquire a high and dignified demeanour, which shocks the feelings of the vulgar, but it is not on that account the less meritorious. Certain Indian philosophers annually quitted their solitude to visit the palace of their sovereign, where each of them, in his turn, delivered his advice upon the government of the state, and upon the changes and limitations which might be made in the laws; but he who three successive times communicated false or unimportant observations, lost, for one year, the privilege of appearing in the presence-chamber. This practice is well calculated to prevent the mind from growing romantic: but there are many philosophers of a different description, who, if they had the same opportunity, would not meet with better success. Z.

SELECT SENTENCES.

NO. V.

IT is one, among many, of the inestimable privileges of piety, that it not only regulates the evil passions, but gradually implants virtuous principles in the mind: that it not only tends to suppress vice, but powerfully inclines to virtue: that it not only restrains an advance in error, but practically urges a rapid retreat from it, and in a greater or lesser degree, this uniformly takes place. Some, indeed, are providentially enabled, as piety gains the ascendancy, to pursue unintermittingly the path in which virtue guides; whilst others, possessed of less pious dispositions, in tracing the same path, are induced to loiter on the way: but, it may truly be said, that, in proportion as the mind becomes imbued with pious affections, not only is vice curbed, but virtue advanced; for piety is a soul-inflaming principle, in so much, that lukewarmness and piety cannot subsist in the same bosom.

A stranger in this country, fully aware of the nature of female chastity, would be very apt to imagine, upon being admitted into female society, that it was very little understood. The women of the present day seem to have forgotten, that, in the eye of heaven, impurity of mind is regarded as well as impurity of action. They adorn themselves in that very manner which Scripture reprehends; and it cannot be even uncharitable to believe that the females who thus indelicately decorate themselves, are absolutely guilty of unchastity in the eye of heaven, and are principally restrained from literally being so, from a dread of what the world may say of them; for what notions of female delicacy can that woman have, who avowedly defies sacred injunctions?

That only can be genuine virtue, which has its foundation in religion.

It is one of the glorious properties of the Christian Religion, that it possesses a secret power of rendering those, who are its true disciples, joyful even in tribulation: it teaches them cheerfully to enjoy the benefits of life, and prepares them patiently to endure its sorrows: it smiles upon them in the depths of poverty and affliction, and assures them of a glorious, even an eternal recompense.

It has been said with much justice, that infidels believe every thing but the Bible; and as young persons, when they embrace infidel principles, generally do so upon the suggestion of infidels, aided by the sinful emotions of their own hearts, without having examined the subject,* it would be well if they would, at least, give it fair play, and listen to some pious Christians in reply; and also consider, before they finally reject the Gospel, *whom* it is they reject, *what* it is they reject, and *what* they hope to obtain by the power of infidelity.

Strange that men may be zealous in every pursuit, but that most important one of Religion, with applause. Is a man negligent of his business or profession? the world condemns him. Is he regardless of his soul? they reprehend him not. In short, a man may be devoted to temporal things with universal approbation; but if to eternal ones, he is sure to meet with persecution and reproach.

It is acknowledged by all, that life is precarious, that we walk on the brink of a precipice, and are only a few paces from the grave; how then shall we fix our troubled minds? where find rest to our weary feet? on what shall we anchor the frail bark? I answer, on the firm ground of *Religion.*

* David Hume, one of the champions of infidelity, almost at the close of life, confessed, that he had never attentively read the New Testament. Had he done so, it is probable he would, like Lord Lyttleton, have been led to acknowledge its divine origin.

OSBORNE FITZROY:

A CALEDONIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. VI.

[Continued from page 384 of Vol. XII.]

'Tis virtue can alone impart
The patent of a ducal heart.
Unless this herald speak him great,
What will *avail* the glare of state?
COTTON.

OSBORNE had no sooner concluded his letters, than he amused himself by a variety of conjectures as to the purpose for which he had been compelled to conceal his sex. In some moments, mirth predominated at the recollection of several ridiculous situations in which he had been placed; then anxiety took the lead, in the fear lest Lady Alexina should despise him for the deception; or disdain as a lover, one she valued as a friend. During these meditations, Mr. Moreland entered; he smiled as he surveyed the perplexed youth. "Come, my good young friend, (said he,) prepare for a strange metamorphosis. I have been in the secret all along, and have now brought you, by the old gentleman's order, a suit of cloaths, which, I trust, will become you much better than those you have been so captivating in. Come, change, change." Osborne hastily obeyed; and his friend surveyed him with unconcealed admiration. "Faith, you are a good-looking lad: you had too bold an air in your female accoutrements. Nay, you must not hang down your head, and blush, like a simpleton; you are no longer playing the woman. We will have a *friseur* to arrange your hair, and a dancing-master to teach you to make a bow, and then—Ladies, beware." Osborne took his friend's raillery with perfect good humour, and surveying his fine features in an opposite mirror, felt perfectly reconciled to the alteration.

Their conference was interrupted by the entrance of the stranger. He gazed on Osborne with visible pleasure, and unguardedly exclaimed, "Your father will be delighted." "My father! (cried the astonished Osborne:) then my father lives!" "He does, it is true, (said the old man, extending his hand;) and in me behold his faithful friend, Edmund Viscount Grafton!!" "The parent of Monmouth!" asked Osborne, with emotion. "The same, (replied Lord Edmund.) Yet believe me I come not to destroy your prospects of happiness, whatever may be the sentiments of my son: the decision of Lady Alexina alone will determine your fate." "Who is my father?" asked the impatient Osborne. "That I am not at liberty to disclose, (returned Lord Edmund.) With respect to myself, I will be more circumstantial. Wounded severely, though not dead, I was left on the field by my comrades, who, being overpowered by the enemy, were reduced to the necessity of making a precipitate retreat. It was night ere animation revisited my exhausted frame. I crawled to a hovel which stood by the side of the plain where we fought; it was occupied by an old woman, who received me with kindness, and put me to bed. Having been plundered of all my valuables, I had no means of recompensing her for her care, and languished several days on the bed of pain and sickness, yet in the anxious hope of joining my regiment when my strength was a little reunited. Our camp was at the distance of twelve miles, and my hostess was unable to procure me any conveyance. The good creature was truly disinterested in her benevolence; and, alas! I have never had an opportunity of testifying my gratitude. At this juncture the sudden and welcome news of a peace was rumoured; my broken regiment was ordered home, and I hastened to join my friends. I accepted some cloaths from the son of my kind nurse, who was a peasant, and in this dress hastened towards the camp;

but my enfeebled limbs refused their accustomed speed, and my progress was tedious and painful. I arrived too late; the camp was broke up, the regiment embarked, and I had fourteen miles more to journey before I could reach the coast. Poor, and infirm, as I was, my anguish is indescribable; yet I exerted all the vigour of my mind and body to support me under it. Not to tire you with a repetition of minute events, I will hurry over my recital. I reached the port too late, the transports had sailed the day before. One vessel remained in the harbour; the Captain was fortunately known to me; it was a Portuguese trader, which had just obtained permission to depart; and the Captain frankly told me, that, if I would make the voyage with him, he would take me back to England. Unpleasant as any delay was in my circumstances, I had no alternative, and Captain Manning received me on board. Misfortune, however, still pursued me: we had not been long at sea, before we were chased by an Algerine, who had little difficulty in subduing us. The shew of resistance we made, but subjected us to worse treatment; we were captured, chained, and carried to Tunis. In this tedious captivity I got acquainted with the person who is now my companion. Partners in affliction, we unbosomed our sorrows to each other, and found that we were connected by circumstances more nearly than we imagined. Friendship heightened the bonds of a captivity which seemed perpetual, when the persevering valour of Sir Sydney Smith effected our release, and made us willing slaves of gratitude. We returned exultingly to England. I have settled my business at the war-office; and, but for the illness of my friend, should ere this have embraced my son. The partner of my calamities is materially concerned in your affairs; and we shall proceed together to Clifford Castle. The result you shall soon be made acquainted with; and I leave you in the sincere hope of seeing you soon reinstated in the

rights

rights of your birth, of which a concurrence of extraordinary events has too long deprived you." Lord Edmund having finished his recital, received the letters of Osborne, and took an affectionate leave; while the perplexed youth remained even more bewildered in conjecture than before.

Day after day passed on, yet Osborne heard not from Lord Edmund. It was in vain Mr. Moreland entreated him to be reasonable, to consider the distance, and to allow for accidental delays; impatience always outstrips reason. A letter at length arrived. Osborne tore it open with eagerness, and beheld the well-known hand of Lady Alexina. His consternation may be easily conjectured on a perusal of the following.

"To Osborne Fitzroy. *Falkirk.*

"Unhappy youth, was it not enough to be the agent of a vile plot to deceive your unsuspecting friends, but you must prove the iniquitous confederate of a scheme, which, even prematurely detected, involves us all in confusion and dismay. While my trembling hand traces these accusing lines, my heart pleads for a friend once tenderly beloved, and would fain whisper, that Osborne, the intrepid, ingenuous Osborne, can but be an unwilling participator in a proceeding which aims a blow at the life and honor of my father. Lord Edmund Grafton, so unexpectedly restored to us, is filled with shame and horror at the part he has innocently taken in this transaction. The wretch who, in support of his and your ambitious views, would have murdered my father, is now closely confined, and an order issued for your apprehension; yet I would save you, Osborne; for still I cannot believe you capable of such base ingratitude. If it is not in your power to bring a complete vindication of your conduct, fly; in this kingdom you will not be safe. Let this favour be attributed to its true source,—gratitude! You have

been my preserver. I have discharged that debt as far as is in my power.—Further—honour—duty—all forbids. Osborne, my tears fall for you. Farewell.

"ALEXINA CLIFFORD."

"Here then, (cried Osborne,) concealment must end. My fame, my hopes, all blasted, nothing remains but one decisive measure." He seized on the important packet, and hastily broke it open. The first line appalled him; the papers fell from his hand; and he sunk into a chair, covering his face with his hands. Fortunately, at that moment Mr. Moreland entered. He saw the situation of his young friend, and used every exertion to rouse him from a lethargy most alarming. "For heaven's sake! my dear Osborne, what means this agitation? Your looks alarm me." Osborne, in reply, pointed to the papers scattered on the floor. "Those, those, (cried he,) have undone me. Why did not you tell me that my father was the Duke of Drelingforth? You, no doubt, knew this fatal secret."

"My dear Lord, (cried Moreland, clasping his arms round him,) be tranquil: it was a secret I was bound in honor to conceal: I meant not to deceive or afflict you. But why this extravagant grief at a discovery which ought rather to fill you with the most joyful expectation?" "Oh, it is a source of misery to me, (cried Osborne:) you know not half the anguish it causes me. I am a wretch, indeed." "Have you perused those papers?" asked Mr. Moreland. "Not yet: the first line was a shock too great for my feelings. But leave me, Mr. Moreland. In my present state of mind, I may express myself in an improper manner. I will endeavour to acquire more fortitude, and go through this dreadful packet." Fearing to irritate him by any farther remark, Moreland bowed, and withdrew; while Osborne, with the composure of despondency, took up the papers, and read

"To

"To Osborne, the Son of Paulina, Duchess of Drelingforth:

"My dear Child,

"I address you in your proper title; that which, by birth and merit, you are justly deserving of. As Marquis of Atholston, I would ask your pardon for a concealment which my too anxious fears have, perhaps, protracted longer than your interest demanded: this must depend on contingent circumstances. To Osborne, the child of my adoption, I shall not plead in vain. With the ardent zeal of a fond mother, I have watched over your infant years, have protected you from your enemies, and am now about to relinquish those tender claims which once constituted my pride and felicity."

Osborne laid aside the papers. The dying Mrs. Fitzroy was present in his imagination; he recollected he was breaking through his solemn promise; and, with a laudable exertion of self command, deferred the gratification of his curiosity till the prescribed period should be elapsed.

(To be continued.)

REFLECTIONS ON SECOND MARRIAGES OF MEN.

FEW transactions in private life have occasioned more speculation, or more censure, than second marriages. The talked-of cruelty and odiousness of step-mothers, and the unhappiness of the families into which they are introduced, are almost proverbial. For so general a censure, there is undoubtedly some foundation; as it cannot be imagined that so many more bad women happen to be introduced into that station, than into any other. This foundation is as undoubtedly to be sought in the character itself, and its attendant circumstances.

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There are certain causes, naturally productive of such conduct in stepmothers, as will create unhappiness in their families, which are obvious and universal; yet these are not so efficacious, as always to produce this conduct; for many women, in this situation, are as much beloved, as free from censure, and as happy, as were the real parents of their families. This is incontestible evidence, that the character may be successfully sustained; so that these general causes are not so powerful, as uniformly to produce their disagreeable effects.

If the above remarks are just, there is reason to believe, that the unhappiness complained of is often casual, and owing to causes which prudence might enable us to avoid. But to avoid them, it is necessary that they should be known.

In the course of my own experience in human life, the unhappiness of families, under the government of stepmothers, has appeared to me to be commonly chargeable to their husbands. Few men, when entering upon a second marriage, use the same prudence which is conspicuous in the other parts of their conduct. Influenced by vanity on one side, and by amorous inclination on the other, instead of looking for a good mother to their children, and a good mistress to their domestic concerns, they search for some young, inexperienced, giddy girl, whose beauty may gratify their amorous views, and whose youth, and choice of them, may gratify their vanity. Hence the unfortunate wife is introduced, almost in a state of childhood, into the arduous station of mother to a numerous family; and into the difficult employments of providing for their wants, instructing them in governing their tempers, and regulating their conduct. It is impossible that such a mother should not do many foolish and improper things. So important a station, to be happily filled, requires not only a good share of natural endowments, and of the accomplishments of education, but much of that wisdom

wisdom which is taught alone by experience. How totally at a loss must the unhappy woman then be, who, through her own thoughtlessness, and her suitor's solicitations, finds herself plunged into a multitude of cares and duties, without any acquaintance with the mode of discharging them!

By this inexperience, all her burdens are doubled. Her daily circle of business becomes the more painful, because she knows not the most easy, convenient methods of performing it; and the government of her children is rendered peculiarly troublesome, because she is wholly untried, and unskilled in the arts of governing. For these reasons, she is naturally induced to believe, that her children have more, and greater faults than others; not only because she was never before at all concerned with the faults of children, or ever led to attend to them; but because she sees other women, of no greater talents or experience, slide easily over the management of their families. It is not natural for her to attribute this to the real cause; their marrying men of their own age, and entering upon those cares with the gradual progress allowed by a beginning family; this would be a condemnation of her own choice and conduct in marrying. Hence she imputes it to the peculiar frowardness of her children, and treats them with a dislike and rigour, conformable to such imputations. In these circumstances, the children, irritated by a treatment wholly contrasted to that of their own mother, take little pains to obey, or to please her; observe all her mistakes; magnify her faults, and (if any of them, as is frequently the case, are grown to adult years) tell them with bitterness to her face.

Nor is this all; unhappy at home, they seek a respite from their troubles in the neighbourhood. Their misfortunes naturally become the topic of conversation, and their mother's imperfections are rehearsed and enlarged. Some of their neighbours, from compassion for them, and many more from the

love

love of slander and meddling, imprudently join in their resentments, and mischievously make the breach wider, which, with prudence and good will, they might often make less. Such persons magnify to them their distresses, the excellencies of their deceased mother, and the blemishes of her successor; and cherish their opposition and resentment, by testimonies of their approbation. Especially is this the practice of their relations; who, through an ill-judged, but natural, tenderness, frequently ruin the character and happiness of both mother and children.

In the mean time, the mortifications of the wife are allayed by none of those endearments, and indescribable little offices of affection, which, in the first marriages of the young, sweeten the bitter cup of life, and cover every thorn with roses. On a lover fifty years old, these offices, could he perform them, would hang very ungracefully. But they are beyond his power. Neither his imagination, nor his affections, have sufficient sprightliness, nor his limbs sufficient agility, to avoid aukwardness and dulness, in innumerable pleasing acts of attention, which clothe a youthful suitor with peculiar loveliness. Nothing, indeed, can be more ridiculous, than to see a grey-haired old gentleman, whom a series of discreet and useful conduct has elevated to dignity, stepping down a whole flight of stairs at once, and aping youth, sprightliness, and love, at the bottom. As I am an old man myself, at least in my own feelings, I hope my compeers in age will not think these remarks dictated by prejudice.

The calamities I have mentioned, are by no means the whole amount of wretchedness attendant on such unequal marriages. As a numerous offspring usually swarms upon a house that was before filled, these, growing up in the dotage of the father, receive from him none of the most necessary administrations of government, and, of course, are rude, headstrong, froward, and vicious. As they advance in years, they

they quarrel with their elder brothers and sisters; and, as the mother is previously a party against the latter, she is doubly induced to favour her children. Thus enmity, jealousy, and jangle, divide and harrass a house, where a little self-government, prudently exercised by the father, in his second marriage, would have perpetuated peace and prosperity. Under this complication of distress, the father usually sinks into despondence and insignificance. Beloved less and less by his wife and children, he languishes out a weary life, and commonly meets death with a peculiar resignation.

I am far from thinking that all the miseries of second marriages are produced in this manner; but I am entirely convinced, that, in most instances, they are derived from other sources than badness of character in the stepmother. This, indeed, happens at times, and as often as in first marriages; but in no measure often enough to account for the numerous instances of wretchedness produced in this way. The error is usually and fatally committed in forming the connexion, and commonly rests on the head of the father.

It often happens, that such marriages are made unhappy by an undue attention to property; for which the avarice of fifty frequently sacrifices every other consideration. In many instances, mere caprice, or whim, is the source of an ill-judged connexion. And in many instances, where few objections can be offered against the connexion itself, the imprudent intervention of neighbours and relations, blasts every hope, and produces poison, when there was a fair prospect of fragrance and honey.

It will be asked by him who has lost his first wife, and is warmly engaged in the pursuit of another, "What course shall I take? Must I live a single life, in solitude and melancholy, the remaining part of my days? Must I give up every hope of renewing the conjugal happiness, now doubly endeared by enjoyment?" No, my friend, you need not renounce such

such hopes. But wait till a fit time after your wife is buried, before you make your second wedding; and that to benefit yourself, as well as to respect her memory. When you can do it with decency, look round the circle of women within your knowledge; examine as impartially as you can; and see, not who will gratify your vanity, or your avarice, but who will make a kind and prudent mother to your children, a skilful directress of your domestic concerns, and a sensible, pleasing companion to you. Learn, as far as possible, from observation, and from enquiry, who will add to your reputation and your happiness; who will appear to have been chosen with discretion and dignity; and who will so conduct it, as that your family will look up to her with respect, and not down upon her with necessary contempt. Remember, that you ought to marry for your children, as well as for yourself: and that, in the character and conduct of your wife, their happiness is at least as intimately concerned as your own. Expect not to find a woman whom you will love, as perhaps you did your first wife, with the instinctive passion of youth. In such an expectation you will certainly be disappointed; and if you imagine yourself the subject of that passion, you will deceive yourself. On the contrary, search for one whom you cannot but rationally esteem for her good sense, sincerity, benevolence, and skill in domestic management. These valuable qualities will furnish a solid foundation for a sober, dignified affection, which will endure, and increase, through life. Think not of a wife whose years are greatly inferior to your own; she will never love you as her husband; you will never esteem her as your wife. Your children will not respect her; the world will laugh at you. But if, mad with avarice, with lust, or with vanity, nothing but youth and beauty will satisfy your wishes, remember that misery is at the door, and will enter in, in the train of your bride, and prove one of your domestics as long as you live. CLERICUS.

THE COUNTRY FAIR.

[From Mrs. Le Noir's *Village Anecdotes*, just published.]

MR. Ewer came yesterday, to invite the family to drink tea with him; and to see the humours of something they call a fair, or revel, which was to be held on the common, on the other side of Farmer Clarke's. Mrs. Peterson readily accepted the invitation; the rest followed of course. Her daughter was particularly gratified with it: she made herself much smarter than the occasion seemed to require; and proposed an early dinner, that we might set out soon, and lose nothing of the entertainment. She prevailed; and, undeterred by our recent experience of the fair at M——, we set out for that of Southlands. For my own part, my dear Edward, I had not at all forgotten it; but, beside that it is irksome to affect being wiser than other people, I thought to have taken sanctuary, when I pleased, in Mrs. Clarke's snug rustic parlour, or retired garden. In this, however, I was mistaken; it was near a mile from the scene of action; and Mrs. Peterson having secured me by the arm, I was constrained to saunter up and down the rows of gingerbread and toy stalls, and assist at cheapening earthen-ware, till I was stunned, and ready to sink. At length, however, she began to want her tea, and proposed to walk on to Mrs. Clarke's, where we arrived the first of the party.

I left her displaying her bargains to this good gentlewoman, and retired to an arbour in the garden, where I amused myself with reflecting on the busy scene I had just been viewing. From my retreat, at length I saw our party enter like pairs into the ark, in the following order:

Mrs. Larimer with Mr. Ewer; Miss Larimer with Harriet; Mr. Peterson with Miss Grove; and Mr. J. Grove with Miss Peterson. I was now summoned

to tea, which being dispatched, Mr. Ewer proposed a raffle among the ladies, at a shilling each, for some toys, which were neatly covered up in a basket. Mrs. Peterson rather objected to the price; but being informed that she would be sure to win something, laid down her shilling with some reluctance to let it go, and threw the first. Her number was nine, and she won a pair of gloves: as they were of kid, and very good, she was well satisfied, and would even have put in again, had it been allowed. Miss Grove, "supposing she should have nothing," threw the dice; her number entitled her to some shoe-roses: she was not quite pleased; and muttered dicontentedly, that Madam Peterson had all the luck. Mrs. Larimer being next called upon, won a handsome shawl, which did not reconcile Miss Grove the more to her lot. Miss Peterson next threw, and won a ring; the motto of which reconciled her to its insignificance; though it was very pretty, for it was addressed *to the Fairest*. I was ready with my shilling, and threw after her: my number produced a *bon-bon box*, far too elegant for the price. I shook my head at Mr. Ewer; for I began to suspect the blind Goddess had a guide, and was soon after convinced of it. Miss Larimer won a silver pencil; and Harriet a pair of bracelets, with exceeding neat clasps. Hope resting on an anchor is on one; and on the other a little dog, inscribed Fidelle. All the company examined and admired this last lot, which distrest the envied possessor a good deal; while Mr. Ewer talked of Miss Harriet's having won the twenty thousand prize with an air so unconscious of any design, that it really seemed to pass for her good luck with the company.

Mrs. Clarke having won a shawl, like Mrs. Larimer's, was well satisfied: and the basket, which still contained some trifles, was sent into the kitchen, where Mr. Ewer had previously caused the maids to be assembled. We went to see the drawing: each had a ribbon, or a necklace, except Sally, whose lot

was

was a muslin handkerchief. They were not suffered to pay any thing: and were so delighted with this new method of giving fairings, that I dare believe Mr. Ewer thought his money well employed.

The parlour guests were likewise in general well pleased. This unexpected and unusual piece of gallantry afforded great entertainment, and supplied us with conversation; and calculations, on our return, with what might be the expence. As Mrs. Peterson chose to suppose that our shillings had nearly defrayed it, I did not take upon me to contradict her; though perfectly convinced, that the taking our money was adding delicacy to generosity, in order to spare us the appearance of receiving a present. Harriet's bracelets cost no trifle; but her scruples of accepting them were quite done away by her aunt's example, and opinion of their being but of little worth. Thus she enjoyed her pleasure unalloyed; and explained the emblems in the sense most agreeable to her—hopes of success, and engagements of fidelity.

Our beaus, except Mr. Ewer, had all deserted us immediately after tea, and were not present at the raffle. This gentleman would, however, upon no account, suffer us to return, unattended, through all the perils of village jollity: he was our escort; and our walk home was, by no means, the least pleasant part of our scheme.

The evening was serene and beautiful; every one in good humour; and the fields of clover, beans in bloom, and the verdure of the grass, through which we passed, so refreshing to the sense, that nothing could be imagined more delightful.

Oh! my Edward, wer't thou but here! Could I but waft the freshness of all these sweets to thy burning shores! I thought on the impossibility, and have granted myself pleasures you could not partake.

BEDOUIN ARABS.

A DESCRIPTION OF THEIR MANNERS, CUSTOMS, &c.

Communicated by a Gentleman some time resident in Egypt.

THIS extraordinary race of people, who, for nearly four thousand years, have maintained their independence, and supported their natural rights and privileges against the various attempts that have, at different periods, been ineffectually made to subdue and enslave them, are, according to their own tradition, the descendants of Ishmael, of whom it is said in the 16th chapter of Genesis, "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him." The Bedouin Arabs have deviated very little from their great progenitor, in either their manners, their customs, or that universal hostility which they declare against all the rest of mankind, and for which they give the following reason, "that they only retaliate on the children of Sarah, her cruel treatment to Hagar and her son." Besides this, they contend, that they are the legitimate offspring of Nature, living entirely conformable to her dictates; that all other societies, in proportion as they arrive at that degree of civilization which we call refinement, are her more spurious productions, and consequently deserve their contempt and chastisement. These are the frivolous causes assigned for the constant depredations they commit on their neighbours, and those strangers who are so unfortunate as to fall into their hands.

There are ten tribes of Bedouin Arabs in Egypt, who reside in tents, on the borders of that immense desart which separates Lybia from the banks of the Nile. Each tribe has its chief, who is called *Sheike el Arab*: he is revered as their common parent, and his

his decision is conclusive in all their domestic disputes. Besides the Sheike el Arab, there are, in every tribe, several subordinate Sheikes, who preside over small detachments, when they are obliged to separate for the convenience of pasturage. Limits are prescribed to the territories of each tribe, which are often trespassed upon: this is the cause of many dreadful contests.

Our description of the Bedouins shall be confined to two tribes, whom the English had the most frequent opportunities of knowing whilst they continued in Egypt: these are the tribes of Hanadie and Wallad Ali. The former went by the name of the peaceable Bedouins, from their amicable disposition towards the English; and the latter were called the hostile Bedouins, from the kind of predatory warfare they carried on, not only with us, but with the Hanadies, and the inhabitants of the villages.

The tribe of Hanadie possesses all that extent of country on the border of the Desart, from the village of Birket to some distance beyond El Hoche. It is impossible to ascertain their numbers, as several small parties are detached from the main body; some of whom emigrate with their flocks, during the season of vegetation, as far as the environs of Alexandria. This tribe cultivates a small portion of land, and in general maintains a friendly intercourse with the inhabitants of the villages, who pay them an annual tribute in corn, and are obliged, by contract, to leave large tracts of land uncultivated, adjacent to the villages, for their use. Although the contract is fulfilled on one part, they sometimes find a pretext for plundering the wretched villagers. The property of this tribe consists chiefly of camels, sheep, goats, and asses. None, except the Sheikes, and a few of the more wealthy, have horses. They seldom remain more than a fortnight encamped on the same ground. It is astonishing to see the expedition with which they prepare for a journey. At

a quarter of an hour's notice their tents are struck, their baggage packed up, and every individual ready for a march. They usually start in summer about two o'clock in the morning, and arrive at the destined spot before the scorching heat of the day comes on. Their march is conducted with the greatest regularity: their flocks are driven on in front; the women and children, mounted on camels and asses, follow: their baggage next comes on, and the cavalry brings up the rear: the whole forming a cavalcade about three miles in length. They always halt near some well or pool of water, which remains after the subsiding of the Nile. Their encampment is formed with the same expedition with which it was broke up. The tents are erected in straight lines parallel to each other; every row is composed of ten or twelve. The distance between the rows of tents is about 400 yards. The tent of the Sheike el Arab is placed near the centre of the camp. It is much larger than any of the rest, and is distinguished by a plume of black ostrich feathers fixed on the top of the tent-pole. It is the only tent in which a man can stand erect. Each of the other Sheikes have, in like manner, a plume of feathers on their tent, as a badge of their quality; but it is not so large as that of the Sheike el Arab's. The camp equipage of one of these chieftains consists of a few simple articles. A pot made of copper tinned on the inside; a pan to bake their bread in; a large wooden dish, in which they knead their dough, and out of which they eat their meat when cooked; a coffee-pot, and two or three cups, out of which they drink the coffee; an earthen pan to hold water, another for their milk; a goat's skin, in which they churn it; a few earthen bowls; a basket, made of date-tree leaves, to hold fruit, &c. and a rug, or carpet, on which the family sleep; constitute the whole of their furniture.

The

The clothes which an Arab wears, serve him as a covering by night. His vesture is composed of only one piece of coarse cloth, made of wool, camels, and goats hair; is about twelve feet long, and five broad. With this he encircles the waist, leaving so much of one of the ends hanging down, as serves to cover the thighs and legs all round; the remainder is carried over one shoulder, then passed round the body, and afterwards brought over the other shoulder; whereby the body is completely covered. Very few Bedouins, except the Sheikes, wear a turban. The others, in general, wear no more than a white cloth, or cotton cap, closely fitted to the head, which they keep constantly shaved, except a small portion of the crown, where they suffer a lock of hair to grow, by which they expect (as all other Mahometans do) to be *pulled up* to heaven. Their shoes are made of red leather, which they either purchase or plunder from the villagers.

The dress of the women differs very little from that of the men: in addition to that already described, they wear a petticoat, made of the same kind of coarse materials. When they appear in public, they cover their heads with a part of their garment, allowing the face to be seen, contrary to the custom of all the other Egyptian ladies, who think that the face is the only part which ought to be concealed. In their tents, the women let their hair, which is uncommonly long, and of a jet black, float loosely down to the waist. They sometimes form it into many plaits, which they decorate with various kinds of trinkets. Linen garments, of every kind, are luxuries which the Bedouins of both sexes despise. They assert that linen, when worn next the skin, is not so conducive to health as their coarse woollen cloth. Although these people sleep in the same cloaths with which they are dressed during the day, they are not filthy, as most of the inhabitants of the villages are: this is owing,

in a great measure, to their changing the position of their camp so often.

As the dress and furniture of the Bedouins are simple, so are their meals frugal; the principal part of their food is the milk of their flocks, and a scanty portion of bread. On the return of a festival, or some other particular occasion, a sheep or goat is killed for every two or three families; or perhaps a camel for a greater number. They cut their meat into very small bits before they cook it. It is boiled together with some flour or bread into a kind of hash; they use no high seasoning with their food; they say it ultimately relaxes and debilitates the stomach. They pour their victuals, when cooked, out on dishes; the males of the family sit round one; the females round the other; and every one dips a hand in, which conveys the food with more expedition to the mouth, than either a knife, a fork, or a spoon.

The men are chiefly employed in the management of their flocks. To one person of a family is assigned the care of the sheep and goats, which he keeps separate from those of his neighbours; and whilst he is tending, and driving them from one spot of verdure to another, he amuses himself with spinning the materials of which his garment is to be made, with a spindle: this is a very tedious process. To another is given the charge of that part of the flock which is to be disposed of at the markets that are held at the neighbouring villages. With the money he receives, he purchases corn, fruits, coffee, and tobacco. Others are sent by the Sheike el Arab, at the expence of the community, to the different villages, to learn the politics of the country, and watch the most favourable opportunity for plunder. The camels and asses belonging to the whole tribe feed promiscuously together. A shepherd, from being constantly with his flock, is so well acquainted with the physiognomy of each sheep, that, if one should happen to stray amongst those of his neighbours,

he can instantly distinguish it amidst ten thousand.

It surely must not be from the Bedouins that the ancient Poets drew those lively pictures of rural felicity which ornamented their writings; or those delightful scenes where the lovely shepherdess is represented as tending her flocks beneath the shade of a wide spreading sycamore, on the banks of a murmuring brook, in all the pride of innocence. These rude and artless daughters of nature are seldom seen at any distance from their tents: they pass their time in domestic employments; they milk the sheep and goats; they agitate the milk in bags made of goat skins, in order to separate the butter from it; they comb and prepare the wool for being spun; they grind their corn in hand-mills, made of two pieces of red granite; and they always cook their victuals. The men of this tribe are about the middle size, stout, and very well made: their features are regular; and there is a degree of sagacity stamped on the countenance, which bespeaks a more enlightened mind than can be expected from people who are apparently in a state of barbarism.

In general, the stature of a Bedouin woman is very low; but the symmetry of the whole body is complete; as it is not distorted during infancy by stays, or rather artificial means, which are used in European countries to torture it to whatever shape caprice may have rendered fashionable. Notwithstanding the many causes which operate in destroying the delicacy of feature, and the beauty of women living in a barren desart, and exposed to all the vicissitudes of the climate, there are several very fine girls to be found amongst these people. Their complexion is very dark; but there is a vivacity, and a sweet expression, in the countenance, which charm the beholder. It is really surprising to see what a propensity the fair sex of all countries have to disfigure those parts of their persons which appear most

lovely.

lovely. In some nations the ladies (as if nature had left one of its most perfect works unfinished) imagine that they repair the defect, by plastering the cheeks over with a destructive red mineral. Amongst the Bedouins, the fair ones fancy that blue is the colour wanting to complete their beauty. At an early age, various figures are formed on the chin and arms, with gunpowder insinuated beneath the skin by means of a needle, which remain of a perfect blue during life. The girls are married when they arrive at the age of thirteen or fourteen; at the age of twenty-five, they look old and withered.

As polygamy is allowed amongst the Bedouins, an old maid is rarely met with. We can say nothing about the marriages of these people, as an European is never allowed to be present at any of those ceremonies. The greatest blessing which the Prophet can bestow on a new married couple, is the birth of a son at the end of nine months. If the parents are people of property, the entire camp becomes one scene of festivity on the occasion. Barrenness is looked on as the greatest of all misfortunes: the wretched woman who has never had a child, is treated with contempt both by her husband and her acquaintances. The mother always nurses her own children. The Bedouins are ignorant of that refined barbarity, of giving the charge of their tender offspring to strange women.

Hospitality constitutes one of the principal virtues practised by the Bedouins; they extend it even to their most inveterate enemy, when he places himself at their mercy. The tribe we are now describing, paid the greatest attention to the English on every occasion that presented itself. When an officer, or even a soldier, was seen to approach their camp, the men and women ran in crowds to invite him to go and partake of their simple fare. A general officer, who signalized himself in a distinguished manner at the storming of Seringapatam, had the curiosity, a short

short time before he left Egypt, to go and see the camp of this tribe. The Sheike el Arab was apprised of the intended visit on the preceding day, and made preparations for his reception. On the approach of the General and his suite towards the camp, the Sheike el Arab, accompanied with the other Sheikes, went to meet them, and conducted them to his tent. When they had seated themselves on a carpet spread for that purpose, the Sheike's son presented a large sieve, made of sheepskin, laden with fruits of various kinds, and a delicious sweetmeat, composed of a rich pastry and preserved dates, to each of the guests; and pressed him to take what he liked best. After the first course was removed, several earthen bowls of sweet goats milk were served up, which the General and Officers cheerfully partook of.

These peaceable Bedouins, content with their frugal meals, are unacquainted with any of those diseases which are engendered by costly and voluptuous banquets. The plague, that dreadful scourge of mankind, seldom makes its appearance amongst them. If one person should be seized with the disease, it rarely happens that it spreads much farther. There are two classes of society, which, we believe, are not very liable to catch this disease. The first class consists of those people who live in a state of nature; and the second is composed of those in the higher ranks of life, who live well, drink good wine, and observe habits of perfect cleanliness. The ophthalmia, which is endemic in Egypt, does not often occur amongst the Bedouins.

Were a stranger to form a judgment of these people from their appearance and manner of life, without minutely investigating the extent of their mental powers, he would pronounce them to be the most barbarous and degraded of the human species; but, on a closer examination, his contempt would be turned to admiration. The Bedouins possess the most

most exalted ideas of liberty: tenacious in the highest degree of their own freedom, they abhor the abominable practice of taking away that of others. Should a slave escape from his bonds to their camp, he is sure of a safe asylum amongst them. In the midst of their dreary habitations, they are perfectly acquainted with the political economy of the country. Their emissaries, who are to be found in every village, convey to them the earliest intelligence of whatever may tend to their interest; and they arrange their plans accordingly. Their alliance and friendship are courted both by the Turks, the Mamelukes, and the villagers. Many of the latter, when talking of their pedigree, boast of being descended from these noble and magnanimous wanderers. Conscious of the advantages that would result from an alliance with the Bedouin Arabs, Elphi Bey, that victorious Chief, who, in this country, has received so many marks of Royal favour, and who, in a short time, will wield the sceptre in Egypt, married, a few years ago, the daughter of the Sheike el Arab, of one of the principal tribes; by which connection nine of the ten tribes are attached to his interest.

If the Arabic language be sought for in its original purity, it is amongst the Bedouins it is to be found. One would naturally conclude that, as the objects by which they are surrounded are few, their ideas must be very circumscribed, and that the words which they use to express them, must also be very limited. But the poems which they sing in praise of their mistresses, and with which they celebrate the actions of their heroes, prove the very contrary.

ON GENEROSITY.

ONE great reason why men practise generosity so little in the world, is, their finding so little in it. Generosity is catching; and if so many men escape it, it is, in a great degree, from the same reason that country people escape the small-pox; because they meet with no one to give it them. A.

ON THE CULTURE OF THE FEMALE MIND.

Woman, like nature, charms in every change;
Her stern majestic frown commands respect—
Her smile solicits it.

I HAVE been accused—but I should have said complimented—with being the author of the excellent essay in the Lady's Museum signed Henricus: but I fear it is the variety of signatures I appear under, and the *tenor* of the essay, rather than the *style*, that gave rise to the supposition: for I will readily acknowledge the language to be far above my pen: nor does the acknowledgment in the least disparage me: for I trust I shall be more esteemed for bowing to superior merit, than priding myself in abilities that were never allotted me.

Let me, fair readers—for I have little to offer for myself—let me, I say, urgently recommend the reperusal of the essay of Henricus: I fear some of you have hastily glanced over it—let me assure you it contains the dictates of sound sense in the true language of taste. If I cannot write, I can read—I can admire, if I cannot execute.

Well—have you read it? let me then request you to observe it—you will then be the character I am about to defend—a WOMAN.

Woman, while she continues to be what God and Nature designed her, is, of all parts of the creation, that which most attracts our love, protection, and esteem: but when she deviates from her sphere, either by aspiring above her province, or sinking beneath her duty, she justly becomes an object of contempt: and as the respect we pay the female sex, when they merit it, far exceeds that we pay our own, so when they excite it, our disgust will be proportionably great. The passions of women being more warm and refined than those of men, they are generally led into extremes: but the very passions that, neg-

lected, lead them astray, would, with proper regulation, lead them to perfection.

One of the many thoughtless customs of mankind, is the negligent and improper education of daughters. A man of fortune keeps his son at a school for ten or twelve years, hires him tutors at a large expence—sends him to college for four years more, teaches him all the arts and sciences—to hunt, gamble, and get drunk—then to the Temple, or some of the Inns of Court, to spend a few more thousands amid the horrors of London—while poor Miss is just taught to read and write, play Hook's lessons, and lisp a little French. Is it not shameful! that God's sweetest work—Nature's delight—to whom she has given souls capable of the most refined improvement, should be thus neglected? Nay—there are characters in the world—I know there are—that squander more money on their horses, dogs, and mistresses, than on the education of their daughters. I blush at the thought—I blush for the depravity of a fellow-creature: and the honour I feel for the injured sex, makes me glow with resentment.—Vile man!—let me tell thee—that woman was made for the companion of the good—not the slave of the libertine.

If woman has by degrees fallen into disrespect, man has none but himself to blame. How can we expect those to whom we deny education, attention, and even notice, to be what we neglect to make them? Woman, sensible of the slight, justly resents her wrongs. From our own neglect, we may trace the first step of woman's sinking into disesteem. In ancient times, women were held in the highest honour—and where, but in ancient times, shall we find men deserving the name? While men were good, great, and worthy—women were virtuous, sensible, and respected. And it will universally be found in every history, that where men most excelled, women were most honoured. And why not? Was it not

Heaven's

Heaven's last best gift? Milton, who, no doubt, meant to draw in Adam as perfect a man as possible, being the immediate work of God, gives him this just opinion of woman.

——— so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd.

Tell me, man, why are the Virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity—why are Justice, Prudence, Temperance, and Fortitude—why is every thing that is good or fair, represented by female figures? Why is Nature herself addressed by the poets in the feminine? Why, but because she is all good, perfect, and in every thing to be admired?

Providence to the majesty of the human form, added superiority of intellect; and as much as the structure of the frame of man surpasses that of every other part of the creation, so far—nay, much farther—is he super-eminent in rational faculties. But God never taught him the Arts and Sciences—God gave him abilities for himself to cultivate. Is it then reasonable to conclude that the female form—so delicate, so perfect, so angelic—endued with the tenderest sensibilities—with the finest and quickest apprehensions—Is it, I say, reasonable to conclude that the powers of their minds are less capable of expansion than ours?—No; we should rather infer, that the strength given to man, was intended to be subservient to their finer faculties. Not but that I allow man a greater soundness of judgment—or that I would have female philosophers and lawgivers—I only beg leave to say, that I would neither have man a tyrant, nor woman a slave.

The poets—and, by the bye, let me tell you, that the poets are not to be slighted; for as Nature has given them the finer feelings, we may justly conclude that they are generally men of the best and

warmest hearts—the poets, I say, have ever paid women their due respect. Was I to quote instances, I might take down half the books in my study. One, however, I cannot omit: I think the thought is the most natural (consequently the most elegant) I ever saw. Burns, that best of Scottish bards, with his usual sublime simplicity, exclaims,

> Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
> Her noblest work she classes—O.
> Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man—
> An' then she made the lasses—O.

That Nature should not attempt to make woman until she had served her apprenticeship, and perfectly learned her trade, is true fancy, and consistent with the perfection of the female form. But if you deny me the privilege of appealing to the poets, let us go no farther than Dr. Fordyce: he declares, that "if aught on earth can present the image of celestial excellence in its softest array, it is surely an *accomplished woman*, in whom purity and meekness, intelligence and modesty, mingle their charms." And again he says—But why should I quote Dr. Fordyce?—you must all have read him: if not, let me strongly recommend him to you all. To the men, that they may learn to respect the women; and to the women, that they may learn to merit it from the men.

Man is as the stately elm in the vineyard—woman the tender vine that adorns it. Let us learn, then, from the elm, that 'tis ours to give support and protection; and the vine, with proper cultivation and attention, will be at once our ornament and delight, cherishing us with comfort amid the storms of fate—as the vine clasps the trunk of the wind-shaken elm.

Let man avoid presumption, and woman ever fly affectation; for 'tis justly said, (I think, by the Spectator,) that "affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than the small-pox." And, in truth, the affected toss of a proud head will make on the heart, an

an impression far more disgusting and permanent than the small-pox ever made on the face:—'tis the very bane of beauty.

One of the many reasons that pride is so disgusting, is, that it is so universally the companion of ignorance. But on this head Henricus has so well and so sensibly acquitted himself, that it would in me be the highest presumption to digress: my intent is only to shew what a pitch of perfection women are capable of acquiring—I am no more than a directing-post—let Henricus and good sense be your constant guides on the way: and be careful, as you pass along, to cull the flowers of wisdom from the weeds of folly.

Inner Temple,
May 10, 1804.

MUSIPHILUS.

A DESCANT ON BENEVOLENCE.

THERE is nothing more gratifying to the benevolent mind than relieving our fellow-creatures, whose misfortunes are not always owing to their own indiscretions, but by unforeseen mischances, which it is impossible to ward off. But how pleased are those whose hearts are shut to every sense of feeling, or even common humanity, to paint them in the most odious colours, and to exhibit them to the world in the most unfavourable light!

Thus it was with Leander and his amiable Elvira; whose sun of life was attended with prosperity; and, for a time, every day increased their happiness. Leander was kind and indulgent; and, after the fatigue of business, wished for no greater pleasure than being near the dearest object of his heart. Elvira was in every respect deserving of his esteem. An unblemished mind, a form that attracted every eye; and who was at once the envy and admiration of her sex.

With such reciprocity of love, there are few but would have thought it was impossible such felicity ever could be interrupted. Three beautiful children were the pledges of their mutual affection, who were brought up with all the care imaginable, and were the idols of the fondest of parents. But, alas! how transient is happiness in this life! The fairest and most promising flower is often a victim to the storm, whilst the poisonous weed escapes its fury.

Leander was a merchant of considerable eminence. War, which is too often the ruin of many, was the ruin of Leander. The vessel that was to transport his treasure, to enable him to fulfil his engagements, was captured by the enemy. What pen can describe this sudden reverse! Every thing he was possessed of became a prey to his creditors; and the once affluent Leander, and the inestimable consoler of his misfortunes, were reduced to the extremest poverty. They became the ridicule of those who had formerly profited by Leander's industry and generosity. Numbers were happy in having an opportunity of traducing and triumphing over his fatal reverse of fortune. Is it possible to withstand the shafts of envy, when directed against the defenceless? No—one trouble is generally followed by more. Such was the state to which Leander and his family were reduced. He applied to those whom he had helped to enrich for support; but how changed was every countenance! No more the complaisant smile, the chearful welcome—cool reserve had taken place of time-serving friendship, and exhibited a striking picture of hypocrisy and ingratitude. However, with the little he had saved from the wreck, and with the only soother of his sorrows, he hurried from the scene of wretchedness. They arrived at a place at some distance, where Leander began to meditate upon what plan to pursue, in order to support himself and family. No friend to advise with, save that faithful bosom that participated in every trouble, and had been the only

only preventative from deeper calamities. He was there acquainted with a merchant who had experienced many favours from him, and to whom he was resolved to apply for immediate support. He knew he was ignorant of his situation, and was ever ready to relieve the distressed. Leander waited upon him, and, after unfolding to him his miserable condition, and the cause, this benevolent man was well convinced that it was not through his own imprudence; and being truly sensible of the many kind offices he had done him, received him into his house, satisfied the demands of his creditors, and raised him to his former affluence. No sooner was Leander extricated from his difficulties, and once more smiled upon by Fortune, than those who had turned their backs upon him in his adversity, came to compliment him on his sudden change. But Leander, with all the good humour and sensibility that he was so well know to possess, instead of receiving them as formerly, only admonished them to reflect, that though they were at present basking in the sun-shine of fortune, they might, when it was little expected, be hurried down the precipice of ruin. "Is it not then (said he) unnatural in those who breathe the same air, partake of the same omnipotent bounty, and are liable to the same reverses of fortune, to make a sport, and feel more than common gratification, in trampling upon the unfortunate? upon those who were unforeseenly reduced to that distress, which none but those who have experienced it can paint in its proper colours? Can I ever have that genuine regard for you that I once had? No—But your triumph was short—One whom I had been the means of raising to affluence, did not forget to discharge the debt of gratitude; yet he had received no greater favours from me than yourselves—but he possessed sympathy and benevolence enough to think himself not *really* happy, unless he was discharging the duties of a Christian. You might have *commiserated*, if you

you could not have *relieved*—But yours has been too much the friendship of the world." Leander waited for a reply; but they were so truly sensible of the truth of what had fallen from him, that, without uttering a word, they left his apartments.

Brompton,
May, 2, 1804.

PETER STEADYPOINT.

BREEFE NOTES AND REMEMBRAUNCES.

From SIR JOHN HARINGTON'S *Papers.*

NO. II.

ONE Sunday (April last) my Lord of London preached to the Queen's Majesty, and seemed to touch on the vanity of decking the body too finely. Her Majesty told the ladies, that, "If the Bishop held more discourse on such matters, she would fit him for heaven; but he should walk thither without a staff, and leave his mantle behind him." Perchance the Bishop hath never sought her Highness wardrobe, or he would have chosen another text.

I hear I am marked out for the next year's Sheriff for the county of Somerset. I will not jibe at the judge as my neighbour did, when he was appointed to that charge, and, with more wit than good heed, told the judge, who complained of stony roads, and feared much the dangers of our western travelling; "In good sooth, Sir, it be but fair play, that you, who so oft made others fear for their necks, should in some sort begin to think of saving your own." Herewith Judge Minos was not well pleased; but said, "Good Master Sheriff, leave alone my neck, and look to your own heels; for you may one day be laid by them." Nor did his anger here rest; for one very slight of-

fence

fence in court, he fined my witty neighbour five pounds.

So shall I (when in such company) make no account of the county ways, but look well to my own.

I must not forget to call on the Treasurer: he that doth not love the *Man*, will have little favor with the *Mistress*; and I am in good liking with both, praised be God. My Lord of Essex is also my friend, and that not in bad sort. He bids me lay good hold on her Majesty's bounty, and ask freely. I will attend to-morrow, and leave this little poesy behind her cushion, at my departing from her presence.

To the Queen's Majesty.

For ever dear, for ever dreaded Prince,
You read a verse of mine a little since,
And so pronounc'd each word, and every letter,
Your gracious reading, grac'd my verse the better:
Since then your Highness doth by gift exceeding,
Make what you read, the better for your reading;
Let my poor Muse your pains thus far importune,
Like as you read my verse, so—*read my fortune.*

*From your Highness saucy Godson.**

Note here, how much will a man even benefit his enemy, provided he doth put him out of his own way? My Lord of Essex did lately want Sir George Carew to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, rather than his own Uncle, Sir William Knollys, because he hath given him some cause of offence, and by thus thrusting him into high office, he would remove him from Court.

October [1598]. I this day went to the new Lord High Treasurer, Lord Buckhurst. I was not ill received, nor, in sooth, so well as I had been used to in the days of Lord Burleighe. When shall our realm see such a man, or when such a Mistress have such a servant?

* The Queen had stood godmother to Sir J. H.

servant? Well might one weep when the other died. This choice doth well assure us, that in the wit of the servant dwelleth the master's fortune; and that all states have thriven better or worse, as the government was given to such as were honest as well as able. If a king hath not discernment to chuse a few wise heads, how shall he subdue the many foolish hearts? or how shall the leaves and blossom flourish, when the sap is corrupted at the root of the plant? I could herewith cite many good authorities, both Greek and Latin, to prove this mine opinion; but I do remember what Burleighe did once say, in my hearing, to Walsingham, who had been waiting to confer with him about many great matters, whereof I had borne some part, in bearing a message from the Queen to Hatton. When my Lord Treasurer did come in from prayers, Sir Francis Walsingham did in merry sort say, that he wished himself as good a servant of God as Lord Burleighe, but that "he had not been at church for a week past." Now my Lord Burleighe did gravely reply thus:—"I hold it meet for us to ask God's grace to keep us sound of heart, who have so much in our power; and to direct us to the well doing of all the people, whom it is easy for us to injure and ruin; and herein, my good friends, the special blessing seemeth meet to be discreetly asked, and wisely worn." I did not a little marvel at this good discourse, to see how a good man considereth his weighty charge, and striveth to keep out Satan from corrupting the heart in discharge of his duties. How few have such hearts and such heads! and therefore shall I note this for those that read hereafter.

It is worthy noting, when we find how little sure happiness is allotted even to the mighty on earth. Philip [II.] of Spain, reigned forty-two years in troubles and disquietudes, lost his provinces whilst he was striving to enlarge his possessions, and then in old age was eaten by lice when living: "God grant

grant me no further ambition than to be eaten by worms when I am dead!" and this I said to the Queen.

The Queen seemed troubled to day. Hatton came out from her presence with ill countenance, and pulled me aside by the girdle, and said, in secret way, "If you have any suite to day, I pray you put it aside; *the sun doth not shine.*" 'Tis this accursed Spanish business; so will not I adventure her Highness *choler*, lest she should *collar* me also.

News from the Ambassadors to France.——God speed Cecil and Herbert, or we shall ill speed at home. It is a base matter in Henry of France, to make peace without his allies and friends: I could wish her Highness could once sound him in the ear about this matter; she seemeth in apt sort for such business, for she called him, in my hearing, "the Antichrist of Ingratitude."

ANECDOTES OF SAADI, THE PERSIAN.

THIS excellent poet and philosopher was born at *Schiraz*, the capital of Persia Proper, about the beginning of the twelfth century. Being driven from his country by the ravages of the Turks, he wandered through various scenes during a period of forty years, and was at length taken prisoner by the Franks in the Holy Land, and condemned to work on the fortifications of Tripoli. A merchant of Aleppo redeemed him from slavery, and gave him, with *a hundred sequins*, his daughter's hand in marriage: but her petulance and ill-humour rendered him more miserable than he had ever been during his long and painful captivity. One day she tauntingly asked him whether he was not the *slave* her

father had redeemed for *ten sequins*. "Yes," replied he; "but he *sold* me again for *one hundred*."—Having a friend, who, being suddenly elevated to an important post, was resorted to, and complimented, by all the citizens, except *Saadi;* "These people," said he, "crowd around him merely on account of his dignity; but I shall go when his office has expired, and then I am sure I shall go alone."—A man who had quitted the society of *the Dervises* for that of *the Philosophers*, asked him what difference he thought there was between their characters. "Both of them," replied he, "swim across a turbulent stream with their respective brethren: *the Dervise* separates himself from the rest, to swim with greater safety, and arrives in solitude on shore; but the true *Philosopher* continues in society, ready to lend a helping hand to his brethren in distress."—To point out the mischief arising from envious minds, to persons whose merit alone entitles them to the general confidence of mankind, *Saadi* related the following ingenious fable of a Fox.

"A person one day observing a fox running with uncommon speed to earth, called out to him, "Hey, Reynard, where are you running in such a hurry? Have you been doing any mischief, for which you are apprehensive of punishment?"—"No, Sir," replied the Fox; "my conscience is perfectly clear, and does not reproach me with any thing; but I have just overheard the hunters wish they had *a Camel* to hunt this morning."—"*A Camel!* why how does that concern you? You are not *a Camel*."—"Oh, my good Sir," replied the Fox, "are you not aware that sagacious heads have always enemies at their heels? and if any one should point me out to these sportsmen, and cry, *There runs a Camel*, they would immediately seize me, without examining whether I was really the kind of animal the informer had described me to be." Z.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.

June 12.

THIS elegant Theatre closed its season to-night with *The Duenna, The Midnight Hour,* and *The True Lovers' Knot.* After the Opera, Mr. BANNISTER delivered the following Address, which was loudly applauded by a fashionable and crowded audience:

"LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

"I am deputed by the Proprietors, to acknowledge the ample patronage with which you have honoured their Theatre, through a season, which to-night is brought to a close; a patronage for which they are truly grateful; and which, permit me to add, is highly flattering to myself. As it has ever been my ambition to promote your entertainment, and deserve your support, it is most gratifying to me to reflect, that during the term of my appointment to the management of this Stage, my humble, but zealous exertions have been marked with such decided and general approbation.

"All the Performers of this House heartily join in sincere thanks for the favour and encouragement they have received; and we respectfully bid you farewell."

HAYMARKET.

May 26.

TO-NIGHT, a new Comedy, in five acts, intitled *Guilty or not Guilty?* was performed at this Theatre, for the first time; the principal characters of which were as follow:

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Edmund Rigid - - - - -	Mr. ELLISTON.
Major Caustic - - - - -	Mr. PALMER.
Triangle - - - - - - -	Mr. MATHEWS.
Mr. Balance - - - - - -	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Charles Balance - - - -	Mr. PALMER, Jun.
Sir Harry Pointer - - -	Mr. DE CAMP.
William - - - - - - -	Mr. GROVE.
Nancy - - - - - - - -	Mrs. GIBBS.
Mrs. Balance - - - - -	Mrs. WARD.
Susette - - - - - - -	Miss WOODFALL.
Lady Rigid - - - - -	Mrs. T. WOODFALL.
Sophia - - - - - - -	Miss GRIMANI.

This Comedy is the production of Mr. T. DIBDIN. The story is taken from the *Reprobate*, one of the best novels of that popular writer, *Augustus la Fontaine*. *Edmund Rigid*, in the play, is placed in similar circumstances with the *Reprobate* in the novel. At the opening of the piece, he bears a character almost universally abhorred. It is in the mouth of the whole country, that he had attempted to seduce his mother-in-law, and had drawn his sword on his own father. He is represented as the object which all men shun: and, to place his character as low as public opinion can reduce it, he is contemned as a coward; one prevalent report respecting him being, that he had retired from the army because he would not fight a

duel. This man, however, is of a noble, generous, elevated temper. The chief bar to explanation on his part, is occasioned by his generous regard to his father's peace of mind. His mother-in-law he had once loved, and she had been betrothed to him; but, in his absence on his travels, she had been induced, by the attractions of superior rank and fortune, to marry *Lord Rigid*. He returns; meets his mother-in-law; and (from peculiar circumstances) not knowing his new relation to her, and supposing her still faithful, clasps her in his arms. In this situation he is surprised by his father, who draws upon him, and he (from regard for his father, as much as in his own defence) wrests the sword from *Lord Rigid's* hand; and, being found in these circumstances by some of that nobleman's servants, hence arose the grand calumny, which served as a foundation and authority for all the rest. His mother-in-law did not explain, from shame of her breach of faith to *Edmund:* he was silent for his father's sake; and *Lord Rigid*, though sensible of the mistake of part of the report, was silent, from a sullen though unfounded jealousy. All the equivocal circumstances of *Edmund's* life are at length explained in a manner equally to his honour; but this, which we have selected, will serve as a specimen of the embarrassments and *dénouement* of the plot.

It must be acknowledged, that the character and situation of *Edmund* are capable of producing scenes of great interest; but it also will be at once perceived, that they border very nearly on the extravagant, and demanded great nicety of feeling and judgment, to conduct them through a probable course to a natural and fortunate issue. The author has not entirely succeeded in this. The facts are too extravagant; the suspense does not beget much anxiety; and the explanation is lame and insufficient. This is said of the fable, considered as a whole. Parts of the story are pleasing and affecting. The situation

of *Susette* is most interesting. *Edmund* is married to her under a feigned name; and she has to receive from him the explanation, that the man she has been taught to detest, and whose name is her terror, is her husband. Yet this explanation, so fraught with occasion for passion, is crowded into the throng of explanations, and thus loses much of that power it might have derived from being singled out, and made to *Susette* in some happy and eventful moment. The situation of *Susette* with her father, *(Major Caustic,)* who supposes her to have lost her honour, (the marriage being a secret one,) is well imagined, and produces a fine effect. The *Major*'s character is well drawn as a sketch; but it is not fully made out, nor is it touched with sufficiently glowing colours. This is, in some degree, the case with most of the prominent characters. They only want to be filled up, to deserve a permanent station on the boards of the Theatre. This may be more particularly said of the character of *Edmund*. An underplot is very well thrown into this play, to relieve the serious part of the scene; in which the principal personages are, *Triangle*, who keeps a school, a circulating library, and a room for reading the newspapers; and *Sir Harry Pointer*, a dashing baronet and jockey. The characters were generally well sustained. Mr. ELLISTON's *Edmund* was a bold, rich, and masterly performance. In the tender scenes with the amiable *Susette*, and in those scenes in which the grander passions are called forth, he was equally happy. Mr. MATHEWS gave the character of *Triangle* with a good deal of vivacity. In the character of the lovely *Susette*, Miss WOODFALL was all that the author has painted, and he has touched that character with peculiar delicacy and success. This play very early interested the audience, and was received with very great and general applause. One instance only occurred of disapprobation. The *Major* fires at *Edmund* as he retires after declining to fight him; and *Susette*, rushing

ing in to prevent the duel, is, for the moment, supposed to have received the ball from her father's hand. When the curtain dropped the applause was unanimous.

June 20.

To night a Grand Dramatic Ballet was produced, intitled *The Enchanted Island*, and is the delightful story of SHAKESPEARE's *Tempest*, represented in a very grand spectacle, aided by the charms of music, singing, and dancing. Mr. FAWCETT, who has constructed this Ballet, has very happily selected all the interesting scenes of the play; while he has judiciously commenced his story with the incidents which *Prospero* so beautifully narrates to his daughter (in *The Tempest)* as preceding their coming to the island. The story is very distinctly told in this Ballet, and every circumstance is seized upon to grace and embellish it. The scenery and decorations are very splendid. The Bark, from which *Prospero* and *Miranda* were thrust into a rotten boat to perish, is one of the most accurate representations we ever saw upon the stage. *Caliban*'s grotto is peculiarly rich and beautiful, being decorated with various shells, corals, and crystals; and the last scene, that of a temple, presented an instance of novel grandeur. The acting, in all the principal characters of this piece, is extremely fine. Mr. BYRNE performed *Ferdinand;* Mr. G. D'EGVILLE, *Caliban;* Miss B. MENAGE, *Miranda;* and Master OSCAR BYRNE, *Ariel;* each with all the spirit, the grace, the vigour, of their respective parts. Miss DANIELS was loudly encored and applauded in a song towards the conclusion of the piece. The house was crowded in every part; the Ballet was received with uncommon applause, and the second representation given out with unanimous approbation.

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London Published July 1st 1804. by Vernor & Hood Poultry.

THE LITERARY TRIBUNAL.

"*Nothing extenuate, nor ſet down aught in malice.*"

☞ *The Editor claims no Praiſe to himſelf, as the Judge of the critical Merits of the following Works; he merely ſelects them as the Opinions of the Critics of the different Reviews on the Productions of the Day, that "Meet the ſweet Meed of Praiſe." No Notice will be taken of thoſe conſigned to Oblivion; his Object being to bring into one View, a Liſt of ſuch Works as are deemed worthy of public Patronage.*

Letters of Advice from a Mother to her Son. 8vo. *pp.* 450. 8*s. Boards.*

AFTER a careful peruſal of theſe letters, we are happy in being able to ſpeak of them as forming a work calculated, in many reſpects, to have a moſt ſalutary influence on the morals and diſpoſitions of ingenuous youths, and to withdraw them from the vicious cuſtoms and practices of the world.

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In the Dedication (which is addreſſed to the venerable Archbiſhop of Canterbury) we are told that theſe Letters, written originally for the inſtruction of a beloved ſon, had lain by the author for many years unthought of, till ſome reſpectable friends urged her to the publication of them. We entirely concur in their opinion, and that, not only for the reaſon alledged by them, namely, that ſome young perſons might be tempted to read "ſuch a publication from one of their acquaintance, when, perhaps, they would not otherwiſe turn their thoughts to ſuch ſubjects," but becauſe the ſentiments and reflections contained in it, cannot be too often impreſſed on the youthful mind; and, flowing from the pen of a lady,

lady, who is both accompliſhed and faſhionable, may have more effect on ſome readers, than if they had iſſued from the cloſet of a profeſſed ſcholar, or divine.

We need ſcarcely add, after this ſtatement, that we have peruſed this work with pleaſure, and think it may be read by young perſons with conſiderable profit.

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From the common practice of modern noveliſts, a reader might imagine that obſcurity was the aim of this ſpecies of compoſition. We have heard, in an old farce, of making an illumination *to keep the people in the dark;* and we now frequently meet with narratives, in which the author endeavours to keep the reader ignorant of the principal incidents, till the concluſion of the work. This, it may be ſaid, is agreeable to the Horatian precept, *in medias prorumpere res:* but it has been carried to great exceſs.

The author of the tale before us cannot be charged with this ſpecies of impropriety. His incidents are clearly deduced, and the diſtreſs is always intelligible. The language, though not uniformly correct, is above mediocrity; and the writer has ſhewn an acquaintance with Engliſh hiſtory beyond the reach of common noveliſts.

Practical

Practical Sermons on several important Subjects, for the Use of Families. By the Rev. Theophilus St. John, LL. B. 2d Edition. 8vo. *pp.* 400. *Boards.*

We meet with many ſenſible and judicious remarks in this volume; its prevailing ſtrain is practical, and it is animated by lively exhortations, and earneſt addreſs. The language is plain and proper; though we obſerve an inequality in the diſcourſes, ſome conſiderably differing in ſtyle and manner from others. As to an air of popular orthodoxy, which prevails in the volume, we have only to remark, that the author's account of the 'new birth,' in Sermon 11, may hardly be deemed conſiſtent with that ſyſtem; but we ought to ſay that the diſcourſe is ſenſible, inſtructive, and practical. Whether it entirely comports with the meaning of our Saviour's account, we undertake not to determine.

The firſt Sermon, which conſiders the 'duties of miniſters and people,' even ſhould ſome little exceſs be admitted, may prove ſufficient to convince each party, in different pariſhes of this kingdom, that there is cauſe to be humble, and room for repentance and amendment. The Sermons on the 'uncertainty of life,' on 'compaſſion,' on 'uprightneſs,' on 'ſickneſs,' not to enumerate others, are well adapted to the end propoſed; and, on the whole, whatever reaſon there may be for the author's apology, they give us the idea of a man who has a zeal for that beſt of all cauſes, the cauſe of real piety, virtue, and benevolence, which comprehends all that is eſtimable and valuable; and to the aſſiſtance of which, we hope this publication will contribute.

The Anti-Gallican; or Standard of British Loyalty, Religion, and Liberty; including a Collection of the principal Papers, Tracts, Speeches, Poems, and Songs, that have been published on the threatened Invasion; together with many original Pieces, on the same Subject. 8vo. *pp.* 500. *7s. 6d. Boards.*

This political olio conſiſts of a vaſt number of ingredients, of various flavor, but altogether forming a diſh which muſt be agreeably ſeaſoned to the taſte of every patriotic Engliſhman, at this juncture. Many of the materials would be well reliſhed, ſeparately taken; particularly thoſe called *Songs*, moſt of which are good of their kind.

Scenes of Infancy, descriptive of Teviotdale. By John Leyden. 12mo. 184 *pp.* 6s.

The poem now before us abounds with juſt and accurate deſcriptions of nature; it is full of variety, and rich in illuſtrations, which could only have been furniſhed by a vigorous mind, improved

proved by extenſive reading. Its beauties are numerous, while its defects are ſuch as the moſt common attention would have been ſufficient to remove; and yet we are apprehenſive, that theſe defects, trifling as they are, may be ſufficient to diſcourage the indolent, a claſs of readers who are, perhaps, not the leaſt numerous of the admirers of poetry.

An Introduction to the Theory and Practice of plane and ſpherical Trigonometry, and the orthographic and ſtereographic Projections of the Sphere; including the Theory of Navigation. Illuſtrated by a Variety of practical Examples, and applied to the Menſuration of Heights and Diſtances; to determine the Latitude by two Altitudes of the Sun, the Longitude by the Lunar Obſervations, and to other important Problems on the Sphere, and in Nautical Aſtronomy. By Thomas Keith, private Teacher of the Mathematics and Geography. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Upon the whole, this volume, which appears under the modeſt title of an Introduction, contains much valuable matter; and, as the greateſt part of it is of practical utility, we doubt not that a ſecond edition of it will ſoon be called for.

The Revolutionary Plutarch; exhibiting the moſt diſtinguiſhed Characters, literary, military, and political, in the recent Annals of the French Republic; the greater Part from the original Information of a Gentleman reſident at Paris. To which, as an Appendix, is reprinted entire, the celebrated Pamphlet of "Killing no Murder." Two Volumes, 12mo. 12s.

Whatever may be the real origin of this work, it contains ſome very curious papers, which, beſides having received no effectual contradiction, carry with them ſtrong internal marks of authenticity.

The title of Revolutionary Plutarch is well enough calculated to attract attention; but, though a few of the heroes of the Grecian biographer were bad enough, there is ſomething whimſical in ſeeing them compared, in the maſs, to ſuch a ſet of miſcreants. The perſons recorded here are Moreau, Sieyes, Fouché, Barras, Rœderer, Volney, Pichegru, Rioufſe, David, and Talleyrand. Theſe occupy the firſt volume. In the ſecond, we find Soult, Dumas, Duſour, St. Hilaire, Loiſon, Van Damme, Angereau, Laſnes, Maſſéna, Andreoſſy, Bruix, and the whole Bonaparte family, fourteen in number. The famous tract of Col. Titus, intituled "Killing

"Killing no Murder," is evidently intended to be applied *mutatis mutandis* to the Corſican Uſurper.

Brief Commentaries upon ſuch Parts of the Revelation, and other Prophecies, as immediately refer to the preſent Times: in which the ſeveral Allegorical Types and Expreſſions of thoſe Prophecies are tranſlated into their literal Meanings, and applied to their appropriate Events: containing a Summary of the Revelation, the prophetic Hiſtories of the Beaſt of the Bottomleſs Pit, the Beaſt of the Earth, the Grand Confederacy, or Babylon the Great, the Man of Sin, the Little Horn, and Antichriſt. By Joſeph Galloway, Eſq. formerly of Philadelphia, in America; Author of Letters to a Nobleman, and other Tracts, on the late American War. 8vo. 474 *pp.* 9*s.*

We highly commend Mr. Galloway for the ſpirit with which he reprobates the atheiſtical principles prevalent on the continent, in this work; and for his forcible and affecting appeals to the good ſenſe of this country; and, though we do not generally adopt his interpretations, we cannot forbear giving him credit for much curious learning, and ſkill in criticiſm.

The Judge; or, an Eſtimate of the Importance of the Judicial Character, occaſioned by the Death of the late Lord Clare, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. A Poem. In Three Cantos. By the Rev. Jerome Alley, Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Sheffield. 12*mo.* 6*s.*

This poem is in blank verſe, and will be found a very ſpirited compoſition. The firſt Canto exhibits the judicial character, with views of the Grecian, Roman, and Feudal Law, and how eſſential to national happineſs is the juſt adminiſtration of good laws. The ſecond Canto commences with a well-deſerved tribute of praiſe to Lord Clare, and introduces an account of the miſeries of the Iriſh Rebellion, with its extinction; the re-eſtabliſhment of tranquillity, &c. There are many parts of this Canto highly poetical. The third Canto continues the ſubject of Lord Clare's official character, his firmneſs, wiſdom, and courage, not omitting his errors. This concludes with a pertinent addreſs to the ſtudents of Trinity College, Dublin, with literary and moral precepts, and finally, with a caution againſt the ſceptical ſubtleties of modern philoſophy.

We have peruſed this publication with the greateſt ſatisfaction; and think it highly honorable to the taſte, judgment, and abilities, of the author.

Buonaparte

Buonaparte in the West Indies; or, the History of Touſſaint Louverture, the African Hero. Parts I. II. III. The Third Edition, 3d. each, or 2s. 6d. per dozen. 8vo.

We know not the quarter from which this work proceeds; but aſſuredly it is from no common hand. It is here ſhewn, from a very minute examination of the beſt documents which could be obtained, nay, from the public acknowledgments of the Chief Conſul, his generals, and other agents, that Touſſaint was indeed A HERO. His hiſtory is too little known; it deſerves to be handed down to future generations; and it ought to be deeply imprinted on the minds of all thoſe in the preſent generation, who can aſſiſt by their valour, or their counſel, in averting from their country the miſeries which "*Buonaparte in the Weſt Indies*" has produced. This man appears to be a compound of cunning and cruelty. Yet his cunning, like that of all other creatures, often turns out to be mere folly; but his cruelty, alas! ſeldom miſſes its aim. Touſſaint did not *ſurrender*, as many have ſuppoſed; he was *ſeized* in his own houſe, in a time of peace;--hurried to France, with his wife and children, and his whole family; and there he was ſtarved to death in a dungeon.—All of them ſeem to have been deſtroyed. Theſe tracts are ſo well written, in familiar language, that they will gratify the moſt intelligent, as well as the humbleſt readers.

Military Memoirs, relating to Campaigns, Battles, and Stratagems of War, ancient and modern. Extracted from the best Authorities. With occasional Remarks. By the Author of the War in Asia, from 1778 *to* 1784; *of the History of Europe, in Dodsley's Annual Register, continued from* 1791 *to* 1801, *both inclusive,* (1793 *excepted;*) *and the Translator of Mr. Cunningham's MSS. History of Great Britain, in Latin, from the Time of Cromwell, to the Accession of George the First.* 1 *vol.* 8vo. *pp.* 588. *Price* 10s. 6d.

The Military Memoirs conſtitute a performance of combined information and inſtruction; always uſeful, and at preſent peculiarly ſeaſonable and intereſting. On the whole, it is a work of meritorious deſign, beneficial tendency, and judicious ſelection, particularly deſerving of the peruſal of officers, and thoſe who have the appointment of officers. The work is indeed an hiſtorical illuſtration, in military ſubjects, of the grand maxim of Juvenal, that a rigid adherence to the dictates of wiſdom in a great meaſure controuls the power of fortune.

"*Nullum numen habes, ſi non prudentia deſit*——
——*fortuna.*"

The

The Festival of the Rose, with other Poems. By Mrs. Montolieu. 4to. pp. 77.

This truly elegant collection does equal credit to the head and heart of the fair authoress. In this age of dissipation it is truly gratifying to see a woman, who mixes in the first circles of fashion, while she devotes her serious hours to the care and education of her children, fill up her hours of leisure with pursuits at once gratifying to her own mind, and amusing and instructive, not only to her friends, but to every admirer of original sentiment, and correct and polished versification.

An Account of the Cape of Good Hope; containing an Historical View of its original Settlement by the Dutch, its Capture by the British in 1795, and the different Policy pursued there by the Dutch and British Governments. Also a Sketch of its Geography, Productions, the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants, &c. &c. With a View of the Political and Commercial Advantages which might be derived from its Possession by Great Britain. By Captain Robert Percival, of his Majesty's Eighteenth, or Royal Irish, Regiment; and Author of an Account of the Island of Ceylon. 4to. pp. 340. 1l.

We cannot compliment our author on his style, which is, indeed, in many places, extremely incorrect; but his modest apologies preclude the severity of critical censure; besides, such censure would be highly improper, to say the least of it, when applied to a book which contains so much useful and valuable information, and which displays so much true British spirit, and British principles.

An Essay on Education, in which are particularly considered the Merits and Defects of the Discipline and Instruction of our Academies. By the Rev. William Barrow, LL. D. and F. A. S. Author of the Bampton Lecture for 1799, and late Master of the Academy, Soho Square. The second Edition, corrected and enlarged. 2 vols. 12mo. 9s. 1804.

We congratulate our countrymen on the good effects likely to result from the extensive circulation of this work. It is a system founded on experience, and dictated by a vigorous, enlightened, and patriotic mind. A truly British spirit pervades the whole. It is, in short, a work equally well calculated to instruct parents,

teachers, and pupils, in their respective duties, and to propagate the pureſt principles of our Conſtitution in Church and State.

A New Dictionary of Ancient Geography, exhibiting the Modern in Addition to the Ancient Names of Places; designed for the Uſe of Schools, and of thoſe who are reading the Claſſics, or other ancient Authors. By Charles Pye, p. 7.

We here find, upon the whole, a clear and practical arrangement of articles which are diſperſed in more voluminous works. Mr. Pye has condenſed within a narrow ſpace the ſubſtance of *Cellarius*, *Lempriere*, *Mackean*, *&c.* In ſhort, the work will be found very uſeful and convenient to all perſons reading the Claſſics, or ſtudying modern geography, and, indeed, to all readers of hiſtory, whether ſacred or profane.

Letters to a Young Lady on a Courſe of Engliſh Poetry. By J. Aikin, M. D. 12mo. pp. 297. Price 4s.

In offering his guidance to the youthful ſtudent of the Britiſh Poets, Dr. Aikin has made an important addition to the numerous benefits which he has conferred on the riſing generation. Of his intimate acquaintance with the topics which are neceſſarily diſcuſſed in this little volume, his various critical eſſays afford ample proof; and the facility with which he can accommodate to the capacity of the juvenile mind, wholeſome inſtruction in matters of ſcience and taſte, is too well known to ſtand in need of our commendation. We think that we cannot beſtow upon this "Courſe of Engliſh Poetry" a more effectual praiſe, than by declaring our opinion, that it evinces the ſame perſpicuous reſult of ſound ſenſe, conveyed in correct and elegant language, by which his other preceptive works are ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed. He aims not to obtain the applauſe of the ignorant by a deluſive appearance of profundity. The object of his wiſhes is to be uſeful; and for the attainment of this worthy end, he ſtudies, and with ſignal ſucceſs, to render himſelf intelligible.

Fables: conſiſting of ſelect Parts from Dante, Berni, Chaucer, and Arioſto. Imitated in Engliſh Heroic Verſe, by Richard Wharton, Eſq. M. P. 8vo. 5s. 6d. Boards.

Among the bloſſoms of Italian culture which have lately been tranſplanted to this climate, the fables before us, derived from this quarter, hold a diſtinguiſhed rank. They conſiſt of ſelect epiſodes from the principal Italian Poets, tranſlated into Engliſh decaſyllabic verſe with an embelliſhing freedom, with added force, with rival harmony, and with poliſhed elegance.

The Apollonian Wreath.

ROBERT AND JANE;

OR,

THE FAIR-DAY.

A BALLAD.

" ALAS! my JANE, how long must we
" This FAIR-DAY's wonted pains renew;
" How long from us this holiday,
" Withhold of joy its measure due?

" But holiday no parent knows,
" Whose son disdains fair Virtue's sway;
" But cheerless, and in grief he goes
" Along life's rough and dreary way.

" Our EDWARD now his work has left,
" And gone to join the rev'lling throng;
" And thus I fear, of thought bereft,
" He sings aloud the drunkard's song.

" Mayhap the too-enticing drum
" Now prowling beats around the Fair:
" And having lost our *son* from *home*,
" Poor ANN may lose her *husband there*.

" Come

" Come haste then, Dame, your work lay by,
" Let's seek him ere 'tis yet too late;
" Across the fields the way is nigh,
" And open now is every gate."

Old ROBERT's words increas'd the woe
That rack'd his sorrowing partner's breast,
Who now, ere she consents to go,
Her aged husband thus address'd:

" Oh me! what though the way be near,
" And every gate be open too,
" Will't not be more than we can bear,
" To see our boy to us untrue?

" Beside, how will your limbs upbear
" Your tottering frame against the throng;
" And who will then our counsel hear,
" When roars aloud the drunkard's song?"

" My *good old girl*, lay by your fears,
" And bring my oaken staff, for I
" Bend not so much by weight of years,
" As by this weight of misery!"

The matron now, with tearful look,
Prepar'd to join her *good old man*,
And soon with faltering footstep took
The path that led across the plain.

When ROBERT thus—" But few, my JANE,
" Of years belike we've now to prove;
" Though they, perhaps, must pass with pain,
" For those we've pass'd before of love.

" We thought, when flush'd with youthful prime,
" Our son the kindliest gift of heaven,
" Nor dreamt that e'er advancing time
" Would shew no earthly good was given.

" Still keeping the belief in mind,
" We call'd his crimes the freaks of youth;
" Full surely hoping that behind
" Were justice, temperance, and truth.

" Afield at early morn we hied,
" To swell for him our little store;
" Still him to bless at eve we plied,
" Nor strove, nor work'd, nor wish'd for more.

" Yet

" Yet he no duteous service pays;—
" Though this we soon might cease to mourn,
" If he his drooping wife would raise,
" And make her generous love return.

" The widow and the virgin fair,
" May weep for those they miss below;
" But who would grief like their's compare
" With her's whose husband deals the woe?"

" Of all my sorrows," JANE replied,
(" And I, you know, have had my due,)
" Not one, thank God," she smiling cried,
" Not one have I receiv'd from you!

" No, no! unlike the treacherous part
" Of those whose love a month may sever,
" You held me nearest to your heart,
" And so we've jogg'd through life together."

As, when through clouds which wrap the sky,
Some wanderer hails the cheering light;
So ROBERT heard the Dame's reply,
And felt a secret, soft delight.

Now come where late the menial throng
Had been with transient freedom blest;
An empty space—save where along
The drunkard reel'd, or lay at rest.

And, as they fear'd, in *soldier's* guise
They found their lost unthinking son;
And heard the rabble's shouts arise,
To honor what their boy had done.

Fir'd by the frequent draughts, he heard
With joy the soldier's treacherous boast;
His bosom swell'd with every word,
And beat to join the warlike host.

To tale of desolated plains
He lent a captivated ear;
And heard how much the soldier's gains
Surpass'd the simple plowman's fare.

With all the drunkard's frenzied ire,
He rose, and struck the doubling drum;
Clinch'd with firm hand the glittering hire,
And fiercely bade farewell to home.

Beside him now is weeping found
His fond, his too-devoted wife:
Throwing her arms his neck around,
She vow'd to part them but with life.

In truth, she was of loveliest form,
Yet drew not thence love's 'witching grace,
For virtue heighten'd Beauty's charm,
By pencilling goodness in her face.

The aged pair beheld the scene,
Hung o'er their son, and wept aloud;
Declar'd the like was never seen,
And begg'd for pity from the crowd.

"Oh me!" so ROBERT cried, "d'ye hear,
"Our boy a soldier now become,
"Has left to poverty and care,
"Has left his wife, his child, his home?

"Look, there she sits! oh! sad to see,
"And here I hold her infant son:
"Alas! that ever she should be,
"By child of ours, thus left undone."

But vainly did the father mourn;
In vain the wife, the mother sigh'd;
"I *must not*, CANNOT, e'er return,"
In broken voice the son replied.

"Go, haste ye home," anon he said,
And parting from his wife's embrace:
Told in that act, that *now* he had
No power to aid their hapless case.

But sure it were of passing woe,
To hear the wife, so fondly true,
Demanding, now they beat to go,
The niggard grant—to follow too.

The poor old pair, with feeble cry,
Deep sobbing, breath'd a fond adieu,
And now, as urg'd by agony,
Forsook, or kept the band in view.

At length with toil, with grief opprest,
They turn, nor longer fruitless roam;
But, sighing for a place of rest,
In sadness seek their cheerless home.

AT

AN ANSWER TO EMILY's "RESOLVE."

[See page 208, of Volume 12.]

I ONCE, like you, the pow'r defy'd
Of Cupid, urchin boy!
And vow'd that his deceitful wiles
Should ne'er my peace destroy.

But, ah! the fatal, rash *Resolve*
Became itself the snare
Which Love employ'd to catch my heart,
And gain an entrance there.

Then, charming Emily, beware,
Friendship and *love* are near allied;
The *latter* ne'er can lasting prove,
Unless the *former* be its guide.

CLARENTINE.

On hearing Miss S. T—— say, she hoped every one would obtain what he wished for.

TOO generous fair, a cruel law
Forbids thy wish to be;
For every youth that ever saw
Has wish'd e'er since for thee.

A thousand tender hopes and fears,
(So sweetly wound thy eyes,)
Whene'er thy form divine appears,
In every breast arise.

Oh, nymph! so killing, and so kind,
Oh, born to bless but one!
Thus blessing all in bounteous mind,
In fact, thou blessest none.

Then lend an ear to what I sing,
And crown some happy swain:
Far happier he than Persian King,
Who in thy heart shall reign.

Let us in vain no longer sigh;
To kill at once were best:
Bless one, (and let that one be I;)
Despair shall cure the rest.

Stepney Green,
April 18th, 1804.

I. D. F.

A SONG.

I.

SALLY, I believ'd thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair, and so deceiving!

II.

Few have ever lov'd like me;
Oh! I have lov'd thee too sincerely!
And few have e'er deceiv'd like thee;
Alas! deceiv'd me too severely.

III.

Fare thee well; yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee, than live without thee!

IV.

Fare thee well; I'll think of thee;
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman! see—
My peace is gone—my heart is broken!
Fare thee well!

Oxford,
May 29th, 1804.

WILLIAM.

ODE,

Addressed to a favorite Cat.

I.

POOR Puss! what tranquil days are thine!
How happy, and how few!
While man—Creation's lord, is tried
By evils ever new.

II.

Thy wants are small, thy wishes rare,
Content—thy humble lot;
No *pride* distinguishes to thee
The palace from the cot.

III.

And cannot man, proud man, restrain
His murmurs, fears, and sighs?
Was reason giv'n to be a curse,
Destroying all our joys?

IV. His

IV.

His wants are few—his wishes great,
Beyond their proper sphere;
Pride mocks Contentment—mars his peace,
While comforts disappear.

V.

Let reasoning man instruction learn
From emblems such as these;
Then shall his wishes too be few,
His mind shall rest at ease.

ACMET.

SONG.—WINE.

[Tune, *The Cottage in the Grove.*]

I.

WHEN seated round the nectar'd bowl,
That pleasure gives to ev'ry soul
As thro' life's vale we move,
The heart expands its joy to pour,
Whilst high on Rapture's wings we soar,
And toast the King we love.

II.

The tuneful song proceeds, and tells
Of sacred friendship, where it dwells,
And how its truth to prove.
Say, is there one thro' human-kind?—
Remembrance strikes th' applauding mind
To toast the friend we love.

III.

The juice exhales; new glories rise;
The soul enlarg'd, for beauty sighs,
The sweets of life to prove.
Inspir'd the beauteous face we see,
Whilst Nature prompts, with merry glee,
To toast the girl we love.

IV.

What more embraces gen'rous thought
By wine's into perfection wrought,
The beverage of Jove.
Then our benign affections glow;
King, friend, and girl, on each bestow
The tribute of our love.

April 9th, 1804. OISEAU.

ODE for HIS MAJESTY'S Birth-Day, 1804.

By H. J. PYE, ESQ. P. L.

I.

As the blest Guardian of the British Isles,
Immortal Liberty, triumphant stood,
And view'd her gallant sons, with fav'ring smiles,
Undaunted heroes of the field or flood;
From Inverary's rocky shores,
Where loud the Hyperborean billow roars,
To where the surges of th' Atlantic wave,
Around Cornubia's western borders rave,
While Erin's valiant warriors glow
With kindred fire to crush the injurious foe,
From her bright lance the flames of vengeance stream,
And in her eagle eye shines Glory's radiant beam.

II.

Why sink those smiles in Sorrow's sigh?
Why Sorrow's tear suffuse that eye?
Alas! while weeping Britain sees
The baleful fiends of pale Disease
Malignant hov'ring near her throne,
And threat a Monarch all her own—
No more from Anglia's fertile land,
No more from Caledonia's strand,
From Erin's breezy hills no more,
The panting legions crowd the shore:
The buoyant barks, the vaunting host,
That swarm on Gallia's hostile coast,
The anxious thought no longer share,
Lost in a nearer, dearer care,
And Britain breathes alone, for George's life, her pray'r.

III.

Her pray'r is heard—th' Almighty pow'r,
Potent to punish or to save,
Bids Health resume again her happier hour;
And as across the misty wave
The fresh'ning breezes sweep the clouds away,
That hid awhile the golden orb of day,
So from Hygeia's balmy breath
Fly the drear shadows of disease and death.
Again the manly breast beats high,
And flames again th' indignant eye,
While from the cottage to the throne,
This gen'rous sentiment alone
Lives in each heart, with patriot ardor warm,
Points ev'ry sword, nerves ev'ry Briton's arm,
"Rush to the field where George and Freedom lead,
"Glory and fame alike the warriors' meed,
"Brave in their country's cause, who conquer, or who bleed."

LOVERS' VOWS;

OR,

Stanzas written by a Lover to his Mistress, who had expressed a Doubt of his Affection.

AH, Lucy! dear girl, do not think that thy swain
Can ever to thee prove untrue;
For my heart is confin'd by a soft silken chain,
Which preventeth its roving from you.

Tho' distance divides us—affection, you know,
Completely defieth its power;
And this moment I feel the same tender glow
As when with my love in the bower.

Then never suppose that thy Edward can change,
Or that thou art less dear to his heart;
For though Destiny wills that my person must range,
Yet our souls will be never apart!

As well might you think that the evening's soft dew
Was depriv'd of its nurturing pow'r,
As to fancy my thoughts ever wander'd from you
For the short fleeting space of an hour!

As well might you fancy the moon's silver light
Produc'd no effect on the tide;
Or its bright beams, dispersing the deep shade of night,
To the wanderer prov'd not a guide.

As well might you think that the needle, untrue,
Would diverge from its magnet the pole;
As my heart ever turn from an object like you,
So deservedly dear to my soul!

Then never, henceforth, let me hear you declare,
A doubt that respecteth my love.
I adore you, dear girl—and this truth I now *swear*
By the Gods—who are dwelling above!

SONNET TO JOE PULLEN's TREE,

ON AN EMINENCE NEAR OXFORD.

Composed in Witham Wood, April 23d, 1804.

WHAT impulse, Pullen, leads me to the brow,
To view each dapple morn bestreak the sky?
Why not content to tread the vales below,
And join in converse with each passer by?

Is it to view that celebrated mart
Where sons of Science court the classic page,
Who (yet but infants in the realms of Art)
Are rising to adorn a future age?

No, no. My mind more distant scenes explores,
Alas! too distant for my bounded sight:
Beyond—unlimited my fancy soars
Where yonder azure hills with azure skies unite:

Those distant hills attract my longing eyes,
Because beyond my *heart's* fond treasure lies,
Which pants to follow, where my fancy flies.

Inner Temple, MUSIPHILUS.
May 10th, 1804.

SONG.

YE tearful clouds! ye groaning winds!
From your full sources weep and sigh!
Still more exhaustless Nature finds
This love-torn heart, and moisten'd eye.
For one, I e'er shall vainly mourn:
Extinct be ev'ry cherish'd hope:
My love shall never meet return;
So, Anguish, take thy fullest scope.

Come, keenest pangs, let life's each string
With Agony's vibration thrill;
Tho' pains untold my heart should wring,
I yet must love, must sorow still:
Press to my bosom the dear grief,
Foster the never-dying flame;
Refuse all proffer'd, vain relief,
Nor e'er divulge her honor'd name.

I. I. S.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADE

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Friend-ship.

Correspondence, &c.

The following Productions, from our Poetical Correspondents, are received, and shall appear in our next. "Lines to the Memory of a Sister,"—"Ode on Buonaparte's Coronation,"—"Sonnet to the Moon,"—"To a Mother on her Birth-day,"—*and* "Lines on the Birth-day of a lovely Little Boy," &c.

Duchess of Roxburgh

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